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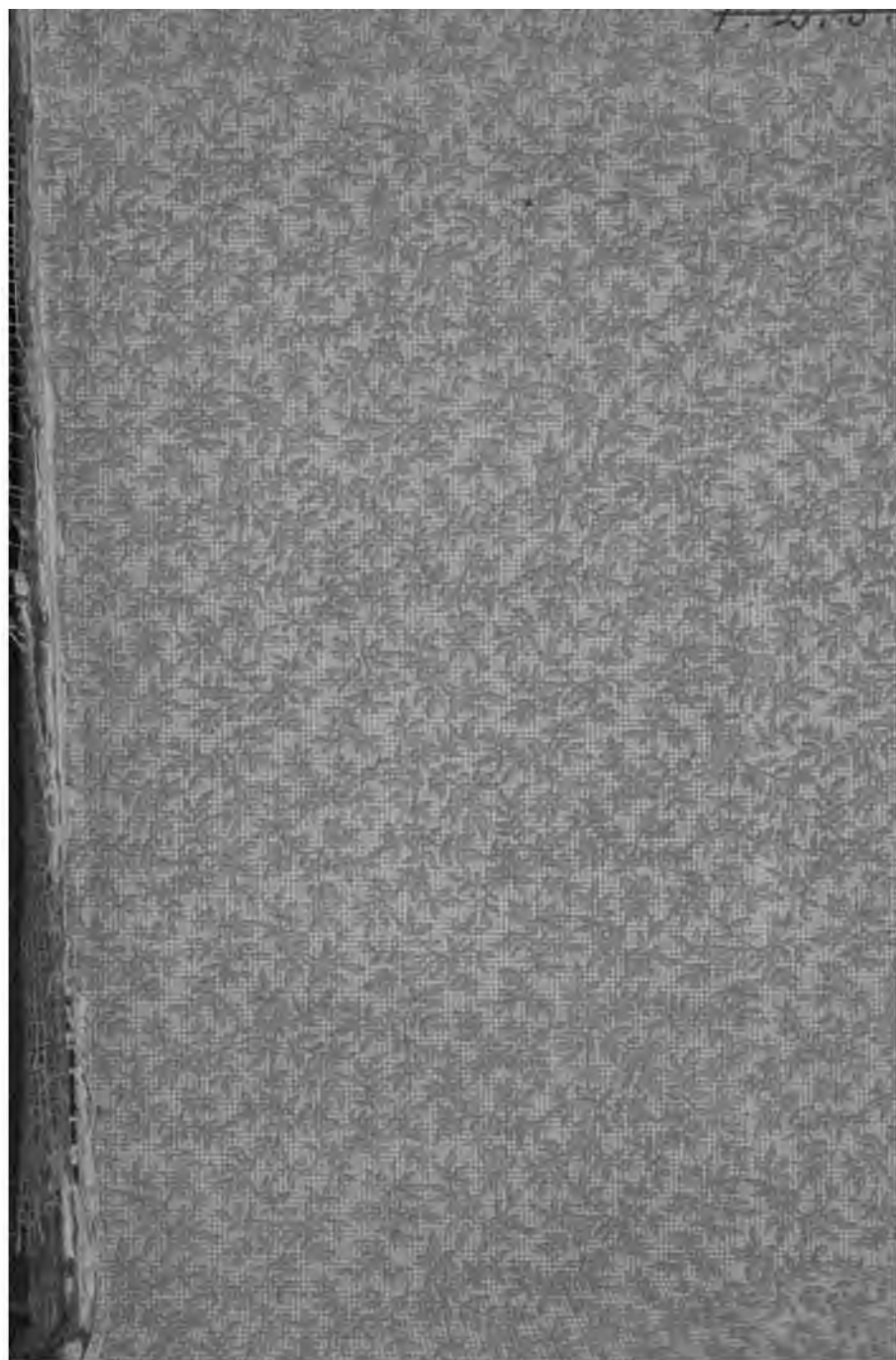
Personal Reminiscences of
Samuel Harris

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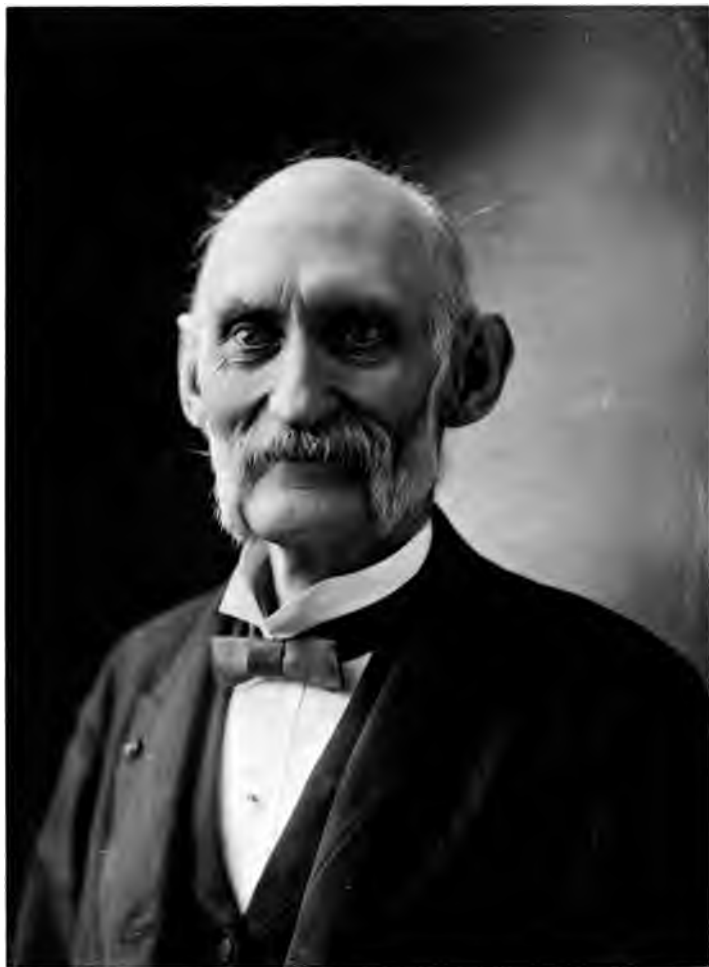
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INTRODUCTORY.

This volume is written for the benefit of my children and their children, that they may know that one of their ancestors fought in the War of the Rebellion. It is written solely as my personal reminiscences, and in no sense is it a history of the war or of our Brigade, Regiment, or even of Company A, and not even the name of any other person is given, other than those that are interwoven in the incidents related. I have given mostly the amusing incidents in prison life, and have given others only where brutality or cursedness was shown by those in command.

SAMUEL HARRIS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL HARRIS.

I was born in the village of Hartford (one mile up White River from White River Junction), Vermont, on the 15th day of September, 1836. My father was Edward Pratt Harris, a native of Massachusetts. My mother was Elizabeth Sanborn Gillett, a native of Vermont. My father graduated at Dartmouth College in the year 1826. Afterwards he founded the academy at Bradford, Vt. He studied law, and was admitted to practice about the year 1832. He practiced law in White River Junction, Vt., until the spring of 1837, when he went west to find a home.

He located in Rochester, Mich., and sent for my mother in the summer. She started from Vermont about the 1st of September, and reached Detroit on a steamboat called the "Missouri" about the 20th of September, 1837. She arrived at Rochester the next day with my brother, Edward Wright Harris, who was then about seven years old, and myself, a little over one year old.

Father and mother lived in Rochester until the year 1868, when father died, and soon after mother came to live with me in Washington, D. C. My brother and myself were sent to the district schools until we were old enough to attend the academy. My health

was not good, and I was not strong enough to attend school regular, so my education did not get beyond natural philosophy, geometry, and a few such studies. My whole bent was mechanics. I loved tools, and loved to be at work with them. Steam engines were my favorites. Natural philosophy and geometry, and such other studies as would help me in mechanics, came easy to me. In these classes I was always at the head; in all others I was at the foot. When I was twelve years old I made a very good model of a steam engine of brass. The cylinder was 2-inch stroke and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch bore. I used this to drive a small lathe I made, and used to do sewing machine repairing and gun work. In the fall, after I was sixteen, I was studying steam and its various applications and modes of producing power from it. I believed that the whole power of steam was exerted in giving velocity to its particles. I then tested its power on a reaction wheel, but found I got but a small portion of the power caused by the great velocity of steam over what would be safe to run the wheel at. I then placed another wheel with an over-hanging rim just outside the reaction wheel, with buckets on the inside of the rim. I gained as much power from the outer wheel as I had from the reaction wheel, and actually increased the power of the reaction wheel by having a solid for the steam to strike against. Soon after the war I patented the combination and called it "Harris' Rotary Steam Engine."

In the spring, after I was sixteen years old, my father consented to my going to White River Junction,

Vt., and go into the shops of A. Latham & Co. to learn the trade of machinist in their locomotive works. After working there about one year the company failed. I then returned home, and in the summer went to Michigan City, Ind., to work in the repair shops of the Michigan Central Railroad. After living there about six months I was sent to Chicago by the superintendent of that division of the road to ride on the engine, so as to be with the engineer in case of an accident. The engine, named the "Bald Eagle," was a very old one, and very badly out of repair. We reached Chicago without an accident, but on our way back, in rounding a curve, the engine swung so heavy that she ripped off the flange from her driving wheel, and all four driving wheels left the track and ran along on the ties. We were going about sixty miles an hour, and had eleven passenger coaches all loaded behind us. The engineer was so scared that he forgot to shut off the steam, and left his post and ran to the front of the engine where he could jump with less risk. I jumped to his place and shut off the steam, brought the reverse lever to the center, and blew the whistle for breaks, and soon brought the train to a stop, none too soon, as we were just going on to a trestle. I was not injured to any great extent, but was bruised quite badly by being thrown against the levers. The shock and bruising I received laid me up for several days.

When I was able to be out I left Michigan City, and went to Milwaukee, Wis., to work in the Menominee Locomotive Works, but I soon found I was injured more by the accident than I had thought, and was com-

pelled to give up my job and return home to Rochester, Mich., to recuperate.

Early in the spring I went back to Milwaukee and soon had a position as engineer on a railroad then called the Milwaukee & La Crosse Railroad. I ran engine No. 20 for about four months. While here, John P. Ledyard, who was going to be master mechanic of the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona, came to me and wanted I should go with him as his assistant. I considered this quite an honor, as Mr. Ledyard was superintendent of the locomotive works at White River Junction, Vt., where I served part of my apprenticeship. I declined the offer as I intended to quit railroading that fall and go home and start some kind of a factory.

About the first of August a circumstance happened that caused me to leave railroading some months before I had intended to. One evening after making my usual run to Fond-du-Lac Junction and return, I ran my engine on a side track near the depot and left it for the hostler to run up to the round-house, I went to bed about nine o'clock as I was very tired. Soon afterwards my room-mate came up very much excited, saying I had been discharged by order of the general superintendent. I asked him if he knew the cause. He asked me if I had run my engine up to the round-house that evening. I told him no, that I had left it on side track. He then told me that some one had run No. 20 up, and when about half way had met two ladies coming down town dressed to make an evening call. In passing by the ladies he had opened a small





SAMUEL HARRIS

1856

valve on the pump and thrown muddy and greasy water all over them. The husband of one of the ladies owned a large grist mill about a block from the depot. They went directly to him, and he found Mr. Goodrich, the superintendent, and made complaint to him. He also demanded that the person who did it should be discharged. Mr. Goodrich jumped at the conclusion that it was me, and sent one of his clerks to tell me that I was discharged.

The next morning I went to the treasurer, Mr. Jennings, and received my pay for time up to that day. I then told him that I knew nothing of the affair, and that I did not run the engine up the evening before. He said by all means to go to Mr. Goodrich and tell him the facts. I declined to do so. I then went to the miller and told him the facts of the case, and that I had been discharged to shield the master mechanic of the road who had run my engine up the previous evening, and being half drunk, had committed the mean act for which I received the blame.

The miller went immediately to Mr. Goodrich and demanded that I be given back my engine and that the master mechanic be discharged. I again declined to take my engine back. This ended my railroading.

I then returned home to Rochester and started a small foundry and machine shop. This was in the fall of 1856. On May 28th, 1858, I married Sarah H. Richardson, whom I had known from childhood. June 10th, 1860, our first child was born. We named her Frances. She lived to be twenty-two months old. She was taken

with scarlet fever, and died April 9th, 1862. It was a hard blow to us, and to my father and mother.

I continued to carry on my shop, making barely a living, until about the first of August, 1862, when one day Capt. Gray, who had been an officer in the First Michigan Cavalry, came to my shop and wanted me to go with him to raise a company in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, then being organized by Col Copeland. Capt. Gray promised me the position of first lieutenant in his company.

I left the next morning for Pontiac, where the county fair was being held, thinking that would be the best place to get men to join our company. In this I was successful, as the second day I took into Detroit one hundred and seventeen men with me. We were sent out Jefferson Avenue, about four miles, to camp on an old corn field with nothing to shelter us. The next day tents were sent to us. The second day after we arrived at the camp grounds, a large amount of lumber was sent to us to build a large barrack. I was the only officer on the ground, and after finding out from the post-quartermaster what kind of a building he wanted put up, I took charge of it, and setting my men to work, soon had a barrack large enough to hold all the men of the regiment.

I had been in camp but a few days when I was presented with a very nice dark-brown horse, a present from my old friends in Rochester. It was a very acceptable present, and I was very thankful to the people of my town for their kind remembrance of me. The horse proved to be one of the best in the cavalry

corps. He could and did outrun every horse matched against him on a one-quarter mile course. There was a man in my company who was a regular horse jockey. Capt. Gray bragged how his horse could beat mine. I told my orderly to beat him, and he did it handsomely, winning quite a sum of money from the captain, which made him very mad. After winning in every race he ran, the horse became well-known in the cavalry corps. Finally, Maj.-Gen. Kilpatrick sent down a very bombastic challenge. I told the jockey to take him up and beat the general's horse, but to be sure and not run him over a quarter of a mile. He did beat him, and won quite a sum of money. The general was mad to think his blooded horse could be beat by a scrub, as he called my horse.

One afternoon just before dress parade, the boys of my company (A) assembled in front of the tent, and calling me out, in a very neat speech from one of them, presented me with a very handsome sabre and belt. I replied the best I could, and thanked them very much for the compliment. I have the sabre yet, and keep it as a memento of the love and respect the boys had for me then, and which they continue to have to this day. I meet with quite a number of them in an annual reunion in some town in the eastern part of Michigan. It is needless to say that each one is a glad reunion.

We were kept in camp at Detroit until December, 1862, drilling and getting fully equipped for the field. In December we were ordered to Washington. I being second lieutenant of company A, was ordered to take command of the first detachment of horses, consisting

of the first four companies, and about ten men from each company to take care of them. We made the trip to Washington without accident or incident of note. We arrived at Washington on the evening of the 9th. There had been no provisions made for my men or horses. It was a bitter cold night and we suffered a good deal. I took the best care of men and horses that was possible under the circumstances.

The next morning I received an order to take my command out on Capitol Hill, about two miles from the Capitol, and about one mile from Bennings Bridge. When I reached the place, there was no rations for men or horses, no wood to keep us warm, or tents to shelter us from the cold wintry night.

Across a wide ravine on a side hill was camped the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Very soon some of the men from that regiment came over to see who we were. We soon informed them that we were hungry and had nothing to eat. They ran back to their comrades and told them the fix we were in. With a whoop and a yell every man in the 17th, not on actual duty, grabbed some bread or hard-tack, wood or hay, and came on the dead run over to our camp. Some made great kettles of coffee and brought it over to us. Soon we had a good warm supper, sitting about camp fires. Our horses were not forgotten, thanks to the big-hearted boys of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Our boys never forgot the kindness. If we ever came near them we always gave them three hearty cheers. A few days after this, the balance of the regiment with their horses and baggage arrived, and we went into camp on the ground

where I first located. We were camped here until spring, most of the time drilling. While here, Col. Copeland was promoted to brigadier general, and Lieut. Col. Freeman Norval was promoted to colonel. Soon after this the first lieutenant of our company resigned, and Col. Norval promoted me from second lieutenant to first lieutenant. When the first lieutenant resigned, Capt. Gray of our company went to Col. Norval and urged him to appoint a sergeant in the company as first lieutenant over me, and even went so far as to offer him four hundred dollars if he would do so. This made Col. Norval very angry, and he told Capt. Gray that money could not buy a promotion in his regiment. The guard at Col. Norval's tent was from my company, and a particular friend of mine. As soon as he was off duty he came to my tent and told me of the conversation between Col. Norval and Capt. Gray. The next day at dress parade my promotion was read before the regiment.

Early in the spring we were sent out on a raid to Ashby's Gap by way of Leesburg, Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville, and Paris, which is within about a mile of the Gap. As we neared Paris, I was placed in command of the advance. Lieut. Geo. N. Dutcher had command of the advanced guard. He was a short distance ahead of me. As he entered Paris he was fired on by men in the houses. He held his own until I came to his assistance with my command, when we drove the rebels and bushwackers out of the houses and up the mountain. Lieut. Dutcher was wounded by being shot through his hand. I bound it up with my

handkerchief, and sent him back to our surgeon, and took command of his men, and called in the flankers and was prepared for any move I might be ordered to make. In a short time I was ordered to fall back. This was the first skirmish I was in and the first time I ever heard rebel bullets whiz by my head. I never was in love with mosquitoes, but I must say I would rather hear them sing any time than to hear a rebel bullet sing about my ears.

We marched about ten miles toward Washington and camped on a farm owned by Gen. Asa Rogers. Gen. Rogers knew that I was an officer in the command, and he said that he knew that I was a son of Betsy Gillett. My mother before she was married went to Middleberg and taught a select school for three years. Most of her pupils were relatives of the Rogers. Gen. Rogers asked me to see that a guard was placed over his house and their provisions. I went to Lieut. Col. Gould, who was in command, and stated the case to him, and he ordered a guard about the house and smoke-house. I was invited to supper and spent a very pleasant evening with the family.

The next morning we were off early on our return to Washington. When we were near Middleberg the column was halted, our company being in the rear, we were ordered to pass the rest of the regiment and to take the advance. When we reached the head of the column we found ourselves on the top of a small hill at the foot of which ran a creek at about right angle to the road we were on. On the further side of the creek was a road. The captain that had the

advance when he came out on the brow of the hill saw about twenty-five or thirty of Moseby's men going along on this cross road, the middle of their column being about on the road we were traveling.

He halted his men and sent back word to Lieut. Col. Gould, saying there were rebels ahead. What shall I do? What he ought to have done was to dash ahead and capture all the rebels he could. He ought to have been soldier enough to know that the rest of the regiment would have come to his support immediately. When Capt. Gray came to the brow of the hill the rebels had full a quarter of a mile the start of us, but we immediately started in pursuit. We soon overhauled part of them who we made prisoners. Among the rest was a quarter-master with a big chest full of money. I got hold of several thousand dollars of Confederate bills, and after placing one of each denomination in my side pocket, I distributed the rest among the children as we passed through Middleberg. This quarter-master hid in a straw stack. Our boys knew how to bring him out—by running their sabres in up to the hilt. The captain who did not know what to do when he saw a few rebels ahead, resigned when he got back to Washington.

The above incident had detained us about two hours. We went on to Aldie and halted to feed the horses and get our dinner. In the afternoon we resumed the march, passing through Fairfax, and beyond about two miles, where we camped for the night. We being on the march had no tents or shelter of any kind. In the night it snowed very hard. It was a

hard night for us, not being used to such hardships. We had in our company a man that was a notorious coward. Several of the boys put up a job on him. One of the corporals came to me and asked the privilege of claiming to detail this man as a guard, and to make him believe that it was a very dangerous post. I gave my consent, provided they would place him somewhere so he could do no harm, for I was actually afraid he would be so scared that he would shoot somebody. The man actually cried like a baby. I got rid of him from the company soon after that. Early the next morning a sutler came out to our camp from one of the forts near Washington. As soon as I found it out I went to his wagon and saw that he was trying to rob the boys. I immediately left and gave the wink to some of the boys. They went for his pies and cakes. In a very short time there were no pies, cakes or boys to be found anywhere about. Some of the staff officers were going to raise Cain about it, but they could not find an officer or man that had been within a mile of the sutlers. That evening we reached our old camp in Washington, a very sad and tired lot of men, but much wiser in campaigning.

We spent some weeks in drilling by company and by regiment. Soon after we were ordered out on a wild goose chase after Stuart, who was said to be somewhere in the rear of our army. There was a force of cavalry of about 5,000 sent out to find him, and likely the orders were to fight him, but very unfortunately we were under the command of a big bag of wind, calling himself Gen. Sir Percy Windham. We had a

very hard march, but did not see a rebel. My own opinion was that if we were getting too close to them, we were halted long enough to let them get out of the way. We were gone about ten or twelve days, when we returned to our old camp on Capitol Hill. We here spent a few weeks drilling the men and horses.

Early in the spring we were ordered out on picket duty, on what was called "The Lawyers' Road," in company with the Sixth Michigan Cavalry. Both regiments being under command of Col. Geo. Gray of the Sixth. The most of our duty was to guard against raids by Moseby. We had the usual hardships and pleasures of picket duty. We were kept there until about the middle of June. During our stay a very young man, with long flaxen hair, came to our camp and staid several days with us, trying to get our officers to petition Gov. Austin Blair to appoint him as Colonel of our regiment, but we all declined to sign such a petition as we considered him too young. His name was Geo. A. Custer. About the first of June I had command of about two miles of the line on the "Lawyers Road." I had my camp in a beautiful grove of pine trees. The limbs of the trees were high enough so we could ride under them. A very clear stream of water ran by the camp. It was an ideal spot. One beautiful evening I sat by the camp fire musing and thinking of home, when Sergeant Wood came up to me and said, "Lieutenant, I want to take six men and go outside the lines on a foraging expedition." I told him it would not do, as it was against orders, and if found out I would be cashiered. He urged so hard

I finally let him go. They were gone until about midnight. I began to be afraid they had got into trouble, when all at once I heard a cheer a short ways off, and soon Sergeant Wood and all of his men came into camp loaded down with plunder. Wood had a hive of bees wrapped in his blanket ; another a pig. All had a load. Wood sat his bees down near the fire, and soon they were warmed up and began to fly about and sting the men and horses. I called to the men to run the horses out of the way. But the way the boys went for the honey. Almost everyone was stung somewhere. The next morning I had a fine lot of boys to put out on picket. Some with one eye closed, some with both. One was stung in the mouth. Yet for all that the boys had a pile of fun out of it. In a few days we returned to camp.

I was almost immediately ordered to take my company and take command of the picket line on the extreme right and well out towards Fairfax court house. I soon found that there had been several pickets shot by bushwackers creeping up and shooting them with a double barrel shot gun. While they seldom killed a picket, they would be very badly wounded with the shot. I instructed the men to fire at the least noise in the bushes. I examined the line very carefully the first day, and at night posted three men on each exposed place, they to relieve each other during the night. I had no trouble on the line. The second day in riding the line, about two o'clock, I came to the extreme left picket. As I rode up he called my attention to some horsemen in the woods, about three quar-

ters of a mile outside our lines. I directed him to ride back into the pine staddles, and hitch his horse and to select a good spot where he could get a rest for his gun, and to watch close, and if any of them came out in sight to give him a shot. Very soon one of them rode up behind an old log house, a short distance from the woods. The first we saw was his horse's head sticking out from one corner of the house. Then we saw the man's head. The picket took good aim at him and fired. The ball struck the corner of one of the logs and knocked off a lot of bark not over two feet from his head. It was fun to see the jump his horse made. They sprang clear of the house, but wheeling about got behind its friendly protection and made for the woods as fast as possible. Keeping behind the house we did not see him again until he was going into the woods. They all rode off, keeping well under cover. That afternoon it became necessary for me to communicate with the officer commanding the line on my left, I found that his line bent to the north in the form of the letter U. In order to skirt around the edge of a large swamp, I chose to go directly across by an old road I well knew. I reached his camp in due time. I staid there until dusk and started back, taking the same path. I was mounted on Billy (the horse presented to me) and knew he would carry me safely back if any horse in the army could. I started at a good gallop, leaning well forward over his neck to keep the branches from knocking my hat off. In rounding a bend in the road I came out suddenly on the swamp. My horse stopped and reared up. I looked over the swamp and it looked

as though it was covered with camp fires. I pulled my revolver; my hair stood straight up I am sure. At a second glance I saw it was punk, or dead stumps and logs scattered over the whole swamp like an irregular camp fire. I patted my horse on the head and said, "Billy, it's all right." He concluded there was no rebs there and started on at a good trot, but he kept his head turned that way, with his eyes like two big balls of fire. When we had passed the swamp he gave his head a big shake and started on the run, and soon landed me safely in camp.

While on this post one of our scouts came with an order from headquarters for me to take twenty-five men and go with the scout about ten miles outside our lines to get his wife, who was acting as a spy for us. I took a lead horse with us for her to ride. As we neared the house she saw us and came out on the porch waiting for us. We rode up and had the lead horse brought up by the side of the steps. She sprang into the saddle with ease. I directed the scout to take the lead and to go the shortest way back to our lines. Away he went with his wife by his side over fields, fences, and ditches. Two or three times I had to call to them to hold up, in order to let my men close up with us, as part of them were not used to jumping fences and would get left too far behind. The scout and his wife were very anxious to get inside our lines, out of reach of Moseby, or any other rebel rangers. We reached camp all safe and sound. I had more than my share of such duty to do, as I was well acquainted with a number of the scouts, and they all

wanted me to put them through the rebel lines and to bring them back into our lines.

After being five days on this post I was relieved, and returned to camp with my company. We had a very short stay there when I was ordered by Col. Gray (colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, who commanded the Fifth and Sixth. The Fifth was under the immediate command of Lieut.-Col. Gould) to take my company and picket the post on the road from Alexandria to Fairfax court house. The second day that I was on this post, an officer was sent by Col. Gray to relieve me, and gave me an order to report to Col. Gray in person. When I reached camp Col. Gray asked me if I had allowed any person to pass my post. I said I had let one farmer who had a pass. He asked if the officer whom I relieved did not turn over orders to me not to let anyone pass the post, no matter from whom he had a pass. I told him no such orders had been given me. He said such orders should have been given me, then I was not to blame. He said he would leave it for Col. Alger to settle, as Lieut.-Col. Alger, of his regiment, had been appointed colonel of our regiment, and would take command the next day. This left me in a very peculiar position. I was virtually deprived of my command, yet not under arrest, and no charges preferred against me. I acted under the advice of Lieut.-Col. Gould. He said I had done more than my share of work, and that I could afford to lay still if the colonel could afford to let me. So I kept still until on the field of Gettysburg.

MICHIGAN BRIGADE OF CAVALRY
AT THE
BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG,
JULY 3, 1863,
UNDER COMMAND OF
BRIG.-GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER.

History is said to be true, but I can say without fear, that as written, it has scarcely a semblance of truth so far as it relates to the part that the Michigan Brigade of Cavalry and the four regiments composing this brigade, took in the battle of Gettysburg; also of the important part played by the Fifth and Sixth Michigan Cavalry before the battle.

I will begin back a few days or even weeks before the battle and give the movements of the Fifth.

We were camped on what was called the Lawyers' Road, doing picket duty with the Sixth, both regiments being under the command of Col. George Gray, of the Sixth.

The Fifth Michigan was commanded by Lieut. Col. Ebenezer Gould.

About the 1st of June, a slim young man with almost flaxen hair, looking more like a big boy, came to us and, as the line officers expressed it, with the

cheek of a government mule, actually asked us to sign a petition to Gov. Austin Blair to appoint him as Colonel of the Fifth.

He said his name was George A. Custer, and that he was a West Pointer.

No petition was sent.

A short time after this, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth, R. A. Alger, was made Colonel of our regiment.

About the 20th of June we were ordered to break up camp and marched all that day and night toward the rear of our army.

Finally we camped in a swamp, and stayed here about two days.

At this time a messenger reached us with orders to join the army as soon as possible, telling us that we were nearly surrounded, and that only with great celerity in our movements would be escape capture.

For once there were no stragglers. Every man wanted to be in the front.

A few hours of hard marching took us out of danger and into our lines.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we passed the headquarters of General Hooker, who stood in front of his tent, near the road, as we passed by—the most perfect picture of a man and soldier that I ever saw.

On we pushed toward the Upper Potomac River, which we crossed at Edwards Ford on Thursday, the 25th of June.

We reached Frederick, Md., about four p. m., Friday, the 26th.

There we halted for the night, and such a night—lightning, thunder, rain, and wind vied with each other.

We were up and had our breakfast before day; by sunrise we were on the march, almost directly north.

That night, Saturday, we camped at Emmetsburg, Md.

Sunday morning, the 28th of June, we were up early, and after a field breakfast we started for Gettysburg, which we reached about one o'clock p. m., just after the churches were dismissed.

The people of Gettysburg were overjoyed to see us, as Gen. Jubal Early, who left as we came in, had laid a heavy tribute on the town, saying that if it was not promptly paid he would burn it that night.

Gen. Joseph T. Copeland was in command of our forces, and made his headquarters at the City Hotel, built on the square.

The Fifth and Sixth were mostly divided up in companies and each company sent to different parts of the town, and some well out on each road.

All officers were ordered to keep a heavy picket to guard against any possible surprise.

General Copeland well knew that he was right in the midst of the rebel forces.

Company A, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, of which I was first lieutenant, was posted in the outskirts of the town on what is called the York Pike Road.

Here we lay until about three o'clock Monday morning, when the bugle sounded to horse.

Sunday afternoon, towards evening, a detachment from my company captured an officer and a few men

who were carrying dispatches from General Early to General Lee.

Another detachment from the command captured an officer and several men on the Chambersburg road who were bringing dispatches from General Lee to General Early, ordering him to hold Gettysburg, as he had given orders for his army to concentrate there.

These dispatches were immediately sent to General Stahl, commanding our division of cavalry.

It was said that General Meade received these dispatches before daylight on Monday morning (the truth of which I have no reason to doubt).

I have stated the above facts rather minutely, as much has been said and written on the subject—"Was Gettysburg a Surprise to General Meade?"—and I wish to say positively it was not a surprise.

Monday morning, after eating a hearty breakfast (most of it cooked by the good ladies of Gettysburg, who, without doubt, had been up nearly all night cooking for us), we mounted our horses, a little after sunrise, and went back the same road we had come to Emmetsburg.

I shall never forget the good lady of the celebrated Cardovi House, for as we passed by, I rode up to the door and asked for a drink of water. She said to me that if I would come in she would give me something better than water.

She brought out a bottle and large tumbler, saying it was pure old blackberry wine, and she knew it was good for she made it. She poured out a tumblerful. I

don't think any old soldier will say that I was foolish enough to leave any part of it.

I stood there a moment chatting with her and her two lovely daughters, when she filled up the glass to the brim again. I drank this, and bidding them good-day, joined my command.

As we rode by the Round Tops, I thought what a place to take and hold till the rest of the army could come up, but on we went till we reached Emmetsburg.

Here we halted for dinner and to feed.

About two o'clock p. m. we are again on the march, and as we were rounding the base of Carricks Knob, we came upon the head of the column of the First Corps of Infantry with General Reynolds and staff at the head.

We immediately pulled out of the road to the left.

General Copeland and staff halted, as also did General Reynolds, and General Copeland told him what he had found out in Gettysburg.

General Reynolds turned in his saddle and called out in a loud voice: "Boys, you must get those heights quick," pointing to the Emmetsburg heights, "there are rebels ahead."

It acted like a charm on the weary and fagged out boys.

I could hear the words "rebels ahead" go back down the line, it seemed to me for miles.

I now turned my horse to follow the regiment, which together with the Sixth had turned to the left and gone toward Littletown.

At this moment a flaxen-haired boy rode up to me and asked where the Michigan Brigade of Cavalry was.

It was the same boy who less than two months before had asked our officers to sign a petition to have him appointed colonel of our regiment.

My eye caught the star on his shoulder, and I knew he was a full-fledged brigadier general.

It was George A. Custer.

I followed him to camp and found that he took command of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Regiments.

I will pass by the smaller fights with Stuart's Cavalry in the small towns to the right of Gettysburg, in each of which our brigade was victorious, and give what I saw of the fight on the 3d of July between our brigade and the much larger force of Stuart's Cavalry in their determined effort to break through our lines and get to our trains.

The night of July 2, we lay at Two Taverns; early in the morning General Custer received orders to close up on the right of our army.

We arrived at or near Powers Hill, on the Baltimore pike, at about ten a. m. on the 3rd.

General Custer then received orders to counter-march, which we did at a trot for about two miles, when we came to Rummel's farm; here we threw down the fences and rode by his house into the fields beyond.

The rebels had run out six guns on a small rise in the ground, about three-fourths of a mile from where we were, and with these guns they began shelling our regiment, when General Custer ordered us off to the

right and to dismount and take position behind a rail fence, about a quarter of a mile in front of the rebel guns.

Just as we were ordered off to the right and front, Lieut. Pennington came up with four guns of battery M, of the Second Regulars, and took position where our regiment had stood, and opened fire on the rebel battery.

Just at this time I heard that Gen. Custer had sent an order to Col. Alger to send him an officer to act on his staff during the battle. I saw our adjutant a short way off, and rode to him and asked to have him detail me for the duty. He went over with me to where Col. Alger was, and asked the privilege of detailing Lieut. Harris to act as staff officer to Gen. Custer. Col. Alger said "No; he is under arrest." To say that I was disappointed and disgusted would be putting it very mildly. I saw Lieut.-Col. Gould riding across the field to my right, with his orderly. I rode over to him and stated what had passed between Col. Alger, the adjutant, and myself. His answer to me was: "Lieut. Harris, if the colonel don't want your assistance I do," and said that Col. Alger had ordered him to take command of the lead horses, and he, Gould, ordered me to stay mounted and to help him.

I looked at Col. Gould and said that it was a very queer order for a commanding officer to detach the next in command on the eve of a great battle. Gould's answer to me was: "Nevertheless, it is so."

I told him he would not want me for a few minutes, that Lieut. Pennington had asked me to stay with

him and that I ought to notify him, so that he could get some other officer to help him.

I rode to our battery, and passing the rear of the guns found Lieut. Pennington sitting on his horse, about six feet to the left of his left gun.

I rode up on his left close to him.

He turned and saw who it was, said I am glad you have come, and remarked that it was rather warm.

At this moment he called out "jump." He rolled off his horse on the right. I rolled off my horse on the left. A shell passed by us and buried itself in the ground about thirty feet in the rear of our horses. Instantly we were both back on our horses, Pennington remarking, "It was rather a close call for one of us." (A shell or cannon ball coming directly towards you can be seen very distinctly.)

I turned my horse and started towards where the shell had buried itself in the ground, Lieut. Pennington called to me and said, "Where are you going?" I answered "I am going to get that shell and send it home." He said, "You come away from it and let it alone, it may explode and kill you." I reluctantly left it buried in the ground. But I intend to go back there and get it if possible, and keep it as a memento of that battle.

Soon after this about 1,500 rebels, dismounted, came out of the woods to the right of their guns and formed for a charge on the Fifth, who were posted behind a rail fence with Spencer's seven-shooting rifles.

Down the hill they came in perfect time.

Soon the order was given to charge.

On they came with perfect confidence of success. Our boys held their fire until the rebs got within less than twenty rods, then they opened on them.

After the first volley the rebel officers called out "Now for them before they can reload."

But our boys did not have to stop to reload their Spencers, but gave them a second, third, and a fourth volley.

Many a reb fell, either dead or wounded; the rest were unable to stand the rain of lead and the most of them got back faster than they came.

Our boys called out to those nearest to come in or we will shoot; about one hundred did come in.

One tall, lean, lank Johnny, after he came in, asked to see our guns, saying: "You'ns load in the morning and fire all day."

While this charge was being made Lieut. Pennington called out to the sergeant in charge of the second gun from him, in quite forcible language, to try to dismount one of the rebel guns.

The answer came quickly "I will try;" almost instantly bang went his gun, the shell actually entered the muzzle of the rebel gun and exploded, not only tearing off a piece of the muzzle but dismounting the gun.

Pennington called out: "Well done, now try that left gun."

Bang went his gun again, using a percussion shell. It struck the hub of the left wheel and exploded, disabling the gun and, as Pennington expressed it, sent six of the rebel gunners to the happy hunting grounds

At this time a large force of rebels came out of the woods, dismounted, to make another charge on the Fifth Michigan Cavalry

They formed in the same place as before, only a much larger force.

They outnumbered our boys of the Fifth at least four to one, but our boys had perfect confidence in their Spencers. •

On the rebels came, but not with the same confident yell as before, for they had great respect for the Spencers when in the hands of Michigan boys.

Our boys held their own and kept the rebels at a respectful distance as long as their cartridges held out.

At this moment Col. Gould came riding toward me and said that Col. Alger had just sent him word that the boys were getting out of ammunition and gave me orders to find Quarter-Master Thurber and have a wagon of ammunition brought up immediately.

He pointed toward the Round Tops, saying that I would find him on the pike.

I rode there as fast as possible, but did not find him, as the train had been moved two or three miles farther back.

I returned to the regiment, and reached my company just as the boys had fired their last round of cartridges and had broke and ran for their horses.

The most of the men ran to the right, and reached their horses; about twenty who were on the left of the line ran for a small patch of timber, to the left and rear of them.

The rebels were shelling the woods quite lively. I

rode in and called to the boys to follow me. I started them all on the way to the rear of the Sixth, who were posted in company front, about twenty rods to the left and rear of Lieut. Pennington's battery.

Just as I was going out of the woods, one of my men called to me, saying: "Here is one of the boys all used up." He was partially sunstruck. I called to the boys to help get him on his feet. Had them throw his right arm over my horse's neck, and I held it there with my hand, and started with him down toward a narrow lane.

We had gone not more than forty feet, when we ran almost on another of our company badly used up by the extreme heat. The boys got him up and he hung on to my right leg. I again started slowly for the lane with my two charges. Just as we emerged from the woods, a shell from one of the rebel guns came over and struck on the top rail of a fence not over six feet from us and exploded. I shook myself to find whether I was all there or not. Neither one of us, or my horse, was hurt. I called one of my men to me and turned over my charges to him and rode as fast as I could to find Lieut.-Col. Gould.

In doing so I passed between the guns of our battery and their caissons. Bearing to the left I came to the rear of the First, who were drawn up in company front.

Passing their right I saw Gen. Custer riding toward them, bareheaded, as fast as he could go.

I stopped to find out what move he was going to make.

Gen. Custer rode up to Col. Town, commanding, and said: "Col. Town, the Seventh Cavalry has broke; I shall have to ask you to charge the rebels."

Col. Town, "who was in the last stages of consumption and so weak that he had to have help to mount his horse so as to command his regiment during the fight," turned in his saddle and gave the command to draw sabres, forward march, trot, charge, each in succession.

After the Fifth had run out of ammunition, and therefore were compelled to withdraw, the rebels mounted their whole force, about fifteen hundred, and charged our battery, thinking they could take it.

It was a grand sight to see them as they formed in battalion front and move forward as only old veteran soldiers can

On they came down the slight decline over which they had come twice before in charging the Fifth Michigan.

Their line was almost perfect until they reached the fence that our boys had held so long.

After getting over this fence, Gen. Wade Hampton, who was in command, gave the order to charge.

It was at this point that Gen. Custer ordered the Seventh Michigan Cavalry to charge the rebels, but they were forced to retreat.

It was at this time that Gen. Custer called on Col. Town, as before stated.

The First Michigan struck the rebels on their left flank, about in the middle and actually went clear through them, cutting them in two parts.

The sabre was all they used.

Many a rebel was knocked over, horse and all, by being struck with the horses of the First, and many more were killed and wounded by the sabre.

The First Michigan boys striking the rebs in the left flank, crowded them up in a heap, so much so that the rebs could hardly do anything but try to defend themselves.

Gen. Wade Hampton called out in a loud voice: "Give way on the right flank," and this was repeated by the other officers, but the order was not, nor could it be obeyed.

Immediately after giving the above order, Gen. Hampton received a severe cut on the head from a First Michigan boy which came very near ending his life.

Although the rebs outnumbered the First four to one, yet they were completely beaten and got back as soon as possible under cover of the four guns they had left.

Without doubt this was the most gallant cavalry charge made during the war.

The Fifth and Seventh (of which Company A did its full share) helped to defeat the rebel charge by attacking the rebs in the rear as fast as they could get mounted.

As soon as the First Michigan had started I saw that our battery would likely kill as many of them as the rebs unless they saw the charge, which was not likely.

I turned my horse's head toward the battery and

clapped both spurs in his flanks, calling at the top of my voice to the gunners "To look out for the First Michigan."

I passed to the rear of the guns and rode up to the side of Lieut. Pennington, telling him also to look out for the First.

By this time the rebs in the front had got within less than ten rods of the guns. The lieutenant in charge of the two right guns thought it was about time to be getting out of the way, and ordered the caissons to limber up.

At this moment Lieut. Pennington, turning his head, saw what was being done, and ordered them to unlimber and to give them a double charge of canister.

This order was given in very forcible language, and it was obeyed instantly; all four of the guns were fired point blank with a double charge of canister into the face of the rebs.

This iron hail storm was more than they could stand.

They wheeled to the right to retreat, but found that they were cut off by the First Michigan.

They made a wide detour to the right, and the most of them got back to their lines.

Without doubt several of the boys of the First were killed and more were wounded by our own battery, but it was absolutely necessary to break that charge at any cost, for if it succeeded there were no Union troops between the rebels and our ammunition trains.

If the rebels could have destroyed them our army would have been compelled to retreat.

Our boys followed up the rebs on their retreat as far as it was safe to do so, killing and wounding a good many and capturing several.

This was the last attempt of Stewart to get at our trains and the last of our fight at Gettysburg.

The fighting closed about five o'clock. Then I began to look after the boys of our company. I found Serg. Frank Barber had been shot through the bowels. He died shortly after. Two others were hurt by their horses falling on them. Several were missing, part of whom turned up the next day. Peter Levalley was killed by a shell.

About ten o'clock that evening (Friday, July 3rd, 1863) our regiment had orders to move about four miles back on the Baltimore Pike. We were marched back very quietly to a cross road going towards Hanover Junction, down which we went about one mile. We were halted and ordered to dismount and lay down in ambush to the left of the road. Our horses were sent to the left and rear. Orders were passed along the line to keep down and no talking. Company A had the right of the line, which rested on the road. Across the road was a brick farm-house. I felt sure that this house must be full of people from Gettysburg who had been able to get away, thinking this was far enough from the battle to be a safe place.

Lieut.-Col. Gould lay near, and I went to him and got permission to go across the road and arouse the folks in the house. I took one of my men with me and

went to the back door and rapped but got no answer I then took out my big Colts revolver and knocked with the butt end of it quite loudly. This very soon brought a man to the door. I asked him if there were any others in the house. He said there was a dozen or more there. I told him to get them all up and dressed as soon as possible, but not to light a candle nor to make any noise. They soon came out and I started them off to the right and rear towards the nearest farm house, a very scared lot of men, women and children.

After seeing them well on the road, I returned with my man to the house, going into the kitchen in search of something to eat, but was sadly disappointed. I tried to find a door going down to the cellar but could find none. Going out on the back porch I found a trap door in the floor. I threw this up and lit a match. Found there was a ladder there. Down I went and soon found three or four large loaves of bread, a jar of butter and a large boiled ham. I threw these up to the man on the porch. Closing the trap door, we took the eatables in our arms and crawled back to my company. Calling Col. Gould to me and several other friends, we ate the whole up very quickly and with a good relish, as none of us had much to eat for the last two days. Soon after this our scouts returned saying there were no rebels coming down that way. We were ordered back to the part of the field we had left the evening before

About two o'clock a. m., being completely exhausted, I laid down by the side of a fence near the Rummel House; holding my horse by a strap, and slept

soundly until about three o'clock on Saturday morning, when I was awakened by my horse pulling on the strap. I turned over and found that Gen Kilpatrick and Custer had ridden close to where I lay, and were laying plans to follow up Gen. Lee if he should retreat, which both of them seemed to think he would do that day. It was now near daylight, and I got up and found the most of Company A had slept very near me. I roused them so they would have plenty of time to make a cup of coffee before being called on to move. We had very little to eat, our commissary wagons not coming up. I ran across one of my men that had about half a cup of coffee and half of a hard tack, which he kindly gave me.

I found Lieut.-Col. Gould and told him that I was going to Washington and lay my case before Hon. E. M. Stanton, secretary of war. Col. Gould was temporarily in command of the regiment. I found my satchel in our wagon, and changing my field suit for my dress suit, started from near the Round Tops about eight o'clock a. m. on Saturday, the 4th of July, 1863, for Washington. About ten o'clock it began to rain very hard. It was more of a cloud burst than a rain storm. I stopped at a house beside the road until it passed over, then rode on until I came to a hotel where I stopped and fed my horse and got dinner. Then I rode on until late in the evening when I reached a farm-house where I had supper, stable for my horse and the privilege of sleeping in the hay mow.

After breakfast I started on. About noon reached Frederick, Md. Greatly to my astonishment, when

riding by a vacant lot, I heard some one call out "Hello, Lieut. Harris, where are you going?" Looking around there sat Maj. Luther Trowbridge of our regiment, and near him was Col. Alger, both on their way to Washington with the body of Maj. Ferry, who was killed at Gettysburg. The major rode out to where I sat in the road and asked: "Where are you going?" I answered "Am bound for Washington to lay my case before the Secretary of War, and have the consent of Col. Gould, who was in command of the regiment." He rode back to where Col. Alger sat on his horse and told him what I had said. They both laughed heartily at the fix they supposed I would be in. I paid no more attention to them but went on my way. I reached Washington about two o'clock p. m. on Monday, July 6th. I came in on Fourteenth street. Crossing Pennsylvania avenue, I put my horse in a livery stable just south of Willard's Hotel, and starting immediately for the War Department, and soon reached the ante-room of the secretary. Here the guard refused me entrance and referred me to one of the clerks. I told him I wanted to see Mr. Stanton. He said that the secretary was engaged and would be for some time, but if I would state my business to him, he would refer it to the secretary as soon as he was at leisure. This I declined to do. He then went into the private office of the secretary. Very soon a very pleasant looking gentleman, about forty years old, came out and asked if I was the officer that wished to see Mr. Stanton. I answered, "Yes, and that I wished to see him in person." He said that he was assistant secretary of war, and was sent

out by the secretary to see what my business was. I then asked him to step to the other side of the room where the others could not hear us. He went to a high desk and leaned against it. I told him in very few words how Col. Gray had placed me under arrest and how Col. Alger had kept me so, and that I had asked to be released on the battle field of Gettysburg. Looking him in the eye I said: "Mr. Dana, I came down here to fight and not to be put under arrest. I have come to headquarters and expect to get one of two things, either to be dishonorably discharged or to be honorably sent back to my company." He quickly asked: "Where are you stopping?" I answered "I shall go to Murray's Hotel, directly opposite the National." He told me to go direct to the hotel, and if the provo guard should stop me to refer the officer to him. I went to the hotel and soon had supper, and was sitting in the reading room when a bell boy came to the door and wanted to know if Lieut. Harris was there. I answered "Yes." He said there were two officers in a carriage at the door waiting to see me. I went out and there sat Col. Geo. Gray,* of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, with Col. N. P. Richmond, of the First West Virginia Cavalry.

Col. Gray reached out his hand and pulled me into the hack. There we sat while they told me they were both in with Secretary Stanton while I was seeking an interview with him. After I left, Mr. Dana came in

*Col. Gray was the officer that relieved me of my command and turned me over to Col. Alger. Col. Gray was a friend of mine, and I had done a good deal of service under him. Col. Richmond was a warm friend to me. We had been together a good deal both in field and camp.

and told Mr. Stanton before them, what I had said to him. He turned to Col. Gray and asked him if he knew anything about the case. Col. Gray said he knew all about it; that every word I had said was true, and that I had stated the case very mildly. He then directed the colonel to call at my hotel and *release me from arrest, by his order*, and to take me back to Gen. Custer and tell him to see that I was placed in my proper position, and "if such a thing happens again, he would take a hand in it himself; and if he did, the hair would fly off some one's scalp."

Col. Richmond had also put in a good word for me, although he knew nothing of the case in hand. Of course, I was more than pleased at the outcome, and after paying my bill rode with them to the stable where my horse was, and mounting, rode beside their carriage to the government stables, where their horses were. We all mounted and rode to the remount camp back of Alexandria, Va., that night.

The next morning we started for the army with quite a large force of men and lead horses. Col. Richmond found his brigade soon after we had passed Centerville, and bade us good-bye. Col. Gray kept on with his detachment until we found the Michigan Brigade, sending the men and horses to their respective regiments. Then he went to Gen. Custer and made his report, taking me along. He wanted me to go in with him, but I soon convinced him that it would be better for both if I staid out. (I requested him not to tell the General that I was outside.)

When he came out and said he had told the General

how I had been used by Col. Alger, Gen Custer expressed himself very strongly about it, and told Col. Gray if I had come to him on the field of Gettysburg he would gladly accepted my services. I found where my regiment lay and reported to Lieut.-Col. Gould, who was still in command, who ordered me to take my place as first lieutenant in Company A.

I found my company near Bristoe Station. Soon after we were ordered to make a reconnoiter as far as Falmouth. I was ordered to take six men and a corporal, and to take the advance of the regiment. I went ahead until I reached the heights back of Falmouth. There I saw that a large force of rebels were in Fredericksburg. But I wanted to get a closer view of them, so I started down the road to Falmouth. When about half way down, the rebels opened fire on us at long range, with rifles; the distance being about one mile. The bullets fell about us thick and fast, but did no harm to any of us or our horses. I started down the hill on a trot until near the bottom I found a deep gulley. I turned into this and found that it completely sheltered my men and horses. I left all my men here except one corporal.

We started on foot to make our way into Falmouth. Part of the way we would have to expose ourselves, and every time we did so, a perfect shower of bullets would fall all about us. We both reached the main street of the village without harm. This street ran toward the Rappahannock river, on the other side of which was Fredericksburg. In order to see all I could of the situation of the rebels, I crawled up beside

a house and put my head out from the corner just far enough to see across the river.

The rebel sharpshooters knowing about where I was, and being on the lookout for me, soon spied my head, and sent a shower of bullets at me. One of them struck in the corner boards, directly against my right temple, and going clear through the board edgewise, which was four inches thick, struck me in the temple. The force of the bullet was almost entirely spent in going through the board, not force enough to even break the skin. Yet it had force sufficient to knock me flat on the ground, and to raise a big swelling on my temple. I fell behind the house out of sight from the rebs. A woman, whose husband was in the rebel army, who lived in a house that was hidden from view of the sharpshooters by other houses, seeing me fall she came to my help with her son, who was about sixteen years old. They helped me into her house and laid me on a lounge. I laid here some moments in a daze, but soon came to. I thanked the lady and her son for their kindness. I returned to the place where I had left the corporal, and together we returned to the others we had left in the ravine. In getting back to them we had to expose ourselves to the sight of the reb sharpshooters. They would send a lot of bullets after us. But we were soon out of their reach and neither of us were hurt. The woman and her son that had taken care of me were well remembered, not only by myself but by all the Michigan boys who knew of the circumstance. They were well supplied with food as long as any of us were in that part of the country.

After getting out of range, I went leisurely back towards the camp we had left in the morning. We had not gone far when I saw a column coming towards us. I soon saw that it was my regiment, the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. They were followed by Gen. Custer and the rest of the brigade. We joined the column and went down on top of the heights, about a mile below Falmouth, and camped on the hills about a mile from the river, and nearly opposite the Lacy house.

About three days after this I was ordered to take my company (A) and take command of the picket line, from the Lacy house to the street running through Falmouth. The full length of the line was not over one mile but it was the worst line I ever had command of. My headquarters were in the Lacy house. Not a man could show his head but a reb bullet would zip too close to him for comfort. They would fire on the pickets every chance they could get. They were very angry at the terrible defeat they got at Gettysburg.

I ran all the horses inside the Lacy house and barricaded the doors and windows in the lower part of the house the best I could, and arranged my men in the second story, the better to defend themselves, as I expected the rebs would come over and try to capture us at any time, and especially in the night.

The next morning about ten o'clock, Gen. Custer rode down the hill to my headquarters, and asked how things were on my line. After giving him a statement of facts, he said he wanted some one to go down to the river with a flag of truce, and find out whether Gen. Rosser was there. He said they were class mates at

West Point, and if he was in camp near there, he (Custer) would like to go over and have a visit with him. It was not a very safe or easy job, so I told the General I would go down myself. I had no white handkerchief, so he handed me his. I walked up the river road holding the handkerchief over my head, A large crowd very soon collected to see what the Yankee wanted. I called for the officer in command of the picket line. When he came I asked him if Gen. Rosser was near there. He said he was likely at his headquarters. I asked him to send for him to come down that Gen. Custer was close by and would like to come over. In about half an hour Gen. Rosser rode down to the opposite bank and called to me. I answered that Gen. Custer was back in my camp and would come over if he would like to see him and would guarantee him a safe return. He answered, "Send him over." An officer was sent down their line to give orders, "No firing." I went back and escorted Gen. Custer down to the river and called to Gen. Rosser to send a boat over. He did so. Custer staid over until about four o'clock. I was becoming anxious about him when he returned, saying that he "had a fine time over there."

About a week after this I was ordered to take six men and a corporal and make a reconnoissance towards King George Court House. I started after dark, so the rebs could not see me leave camp. I went about ten miles and found I was on the wrong road. I was compelled to bivouac in the road until daylight. As soon as it was light enough to see, we found the right road and went on our way to Aquia Creek. Here we fed our

horses and made coffee for ourselves. We started again down the Potomac river road. We had gone about two miles when one of my men looking back, saw quite a force of rebel cavalry on a hill about a mile back of us, and in the road we had just come over. I did not stop, but kept right on down the road. I knew there was no use to fight because there was at least ten of them to our one. The only thing I could do was to escape them by stratagem. I saw a house about a quarter of a mile ahead of me and very close to the road. I rode direct to it and had all my men ride behind the house so the rebs could not see them. I rode up to the door, and taking out my big navy revolver, knocked quite hard on the door. Very soon a man opened it. I asked him where there was a bridge to cross the deep run at the foot of the hill. He said there was none. I raised my revolver with the muzzle close to his head, and said to him: "Tell me very quick where there is a bridge or I will blow your brains out." This scared him, and he said, "Don't shoot, Captain, and I will show you." He then came out of the door and pointed to a clump of bushes and said I would find an old bridge there, but that it was very old and I would have to be careful or it would go down. We rode to the bushes and soon found the bridge. I had the men ride over one at a time on a walk. After they were all over I crossed, and taking the lead, followed the old road up the hill, on top of which we found a good road running direct to the Rappahannock river. I kept up as good a pace as was safe on account of the horses, as we were fully fifteen miles from camp. A five mile

march brought us to the river road. Here I halted a few moments to rest the horses. We had not seen or heard anything of the company of rebels that we had seen in our rear, and I began to feel quite sure we had escaped them. After giving the horses a short rest we started on a ten-mile march up the river road to camp. We kept a sharp lookout for the rebs for fear they would try and ambush us.

We had marched six or seven miles when on rounding a curve in the road, we saw ahead of us a column of twenty-five or thirty cavalry men coming towards us. I could not tell whether they were friend or foe for the dust. I knew the only thing we could do was to go right along. Very soon we came near enough to see they were part of a company of our own regiment, sent out to render any assistance to me I might need. They turned about and I took the advance, as my horses were about exhausted from a fifty mile march, and their horses being fresh, I feared they would leave us too far behind. We soon reached our outpost about a mile from the Lacy House. I halted here long enough to tell the officer in command, that without doubt, we were being followed up by quite a large force of rebels, and that he had better be prepared for them. We went on about two miles to the camp. I gave my horse into the care of my orderly and went to my tent, and had just laid down on my bunk to get some needed rest, when I heard quite heavy firing at the picket post we had just left. A force of about one hundred that had been following us, attacked the post and captured several men and horses, then rode down the picket line to

the ford and went across the river into Fredericksburg. I was congratulated by some of the officers of the regiment for the skill I had shown in getting out of the trap, and returning without the loss of a man or horse. I thought at the time, and still think, that I was sent out on the above expedition with the small force at my command, for the purpose of getting me killed or captured. If killed, I would be out of the way. If captured, I would be reported to the War Department as leaving camp on an expedition without orders. Then I would be dishonorably discharged. In either case I would be out of the way. Lieut.-Col. Gould, as soon as he heard of my being ordered out on the above scouting expedition, sent the company that I met on the river road, out to help me in case they could find me.

Soon after this we were ordered to move up the river to guard the United States ford. While there I was detailed to take command of about fifty men from our regiment, and to report to Maj.-Gen. Sykes, who commanded the Fifth army corps. I did not know what my duty was to be until I reached his headquarters, and reported to his adjutant-general. He assigned me as commander of the body guard and orderlies at headquarters of the Fifth army corps. In some respects it was a very pleasant position, as it practically put me on Gen. Sykes' staff. I found the General rather inclined to be crusty and hard to please. I showed him all due respect, and saw that his orders were carried out promptly; yet I kept from personal contact with him as much as possible. His Adjutant-General was a

good soldier and a perfect gentleman (I have forgotten his name.)

Most of the officers composing his staff were fine young men. Two or three of them liked whisky too well for their own good and the good of the service. The Fifth corps was camped to the right of Culpepper, and near the Rapidan river. The headquarters was in a splendid large Virginia mansion, beautifully located on an eminence overlooking the river valley with the Blue Ridge mountains across the river for a back ground.

We lay here about two weeks, during which time I tried my best to get my small command into good working shape. This I found a hard task, as the men came from several regiments and companies. I had one second lieutenant under me from another regiment. I would have been much better off without him, for he was drunk most of the time, and even when sober he was a regular bum. Yet I soon got the company in very fair shape. I won the respect and obedience of the men by being kind as well as firm with them. About the 10th of October I received orders to have my command ready to move at a moment's notice.

The next morning I received orders to send small detachments to several division headquarters. I only had eight or ten men left with me at corps headquarters. Some move was being made by part of our corps. Two or three divisions moved out toward the river, but they soon returned without bringing on a battle. I soon learned it was only a reconnoissance in force to find out what move Gen. Lee was making.

The next morning we broke up camp and marched back to and beyond Brandy station. We kept on the march until we reached the fortifications at Centerville.

On this march, when near Bristoe station, Gen. Sykes sent me with orders to some of the division commanders. I delivered the orders, which took me until afternoon. I then started to rejoin the General. I rode as fast as possible for four or five miles, but saw no troops. I crossed a field near the station and found a lot of hard-tack and a barrel of pork. I jumped off my horse and filled my pockets with hard-tack, and taking out my knife cut off a big piece of pork, and mounting, was off as fast as my horse could go, at the same time eating the raw salt pork and hard-tack, and thinking all the time what a lucky man I was to be able to enjoy such a feast. After a ride of about three miles, I came up with Gen. Sykes and his Adjutant-General sitting on their horses under the shade of a big tree. I saluted Gen. Sykes and told him I had delivered his orders, and what I had seen, how far I had ridden, and not seen any troops. I then asked him if they had any dinner. They both said "no." I then pulled out some hard-tack and gave it to them. I reached in my saddle bag and pulled out a bottle of whisky, and passed it to the General, saying it was a good article and he might want a little. He thanked me very much and took the bottle. It had never been uncorked and none of us had a corkscrew. The Adjutant-General said he could fix it. He placed it across the pommel of his saddle, and taking a large knife, striking the head of the bottle broke it off. The General drank a lot of it and passed

it to his adjutant, and he passed the bottle to another of the staff, who joined us in the meantime. When the bottle reached me again there was not one drop of whisky in it.

I was completely tired out and wanted a swallow of it and actually needed it. I always carried it with me when possible to do so, and especially if we were likely to have an engagement. Yet I never drank it except in case of extreme exhaustion.

The Adjutant-General seeing my condition, and knowing that not a drop was left for me, felt very much mortified and apologized for their ungentlemanly act.

I have read in history (Harper's History of the Great Rebellion, page 520) that Gen. Warren blamed Gen. Sykes for not coming to his aid that afternoon in his fight with Gen. Hill at Bristoe Station. I am quite sure it was some time after noon when I crossed the field near Bristoe, and as near as I can remember, it was about two o'clock p. m. when I overtook Gen. Sykes. It must have been a half hour after that we left the friendly shade of the trees and moved slowly on the road towards Centerville.

I was behind the General and heard no firing, or any other indication of a battle, in our rear. I am quite sure no messenger came to Gen. Sykes notifying him of the fix Gen. Warren was in, and that he needed help. We went on rather slowly until we reached Centerville. We stayed here two or three days. Then we were ordered to return to Culpepper. A very severe rain storm, which continued about two days, made the roads and small streams almost impassable, making the

march very slow and tedious. Another reason for our slow movements was that Gen. Lee had completely destroyed the railroad from Bristoe Station to Culpepper. Our movements were timed with the thorough repair of the railroad.

This was the only way we had of getting supplies. We were fully ten days in getting back near our old camping ground. During the very first of this campaign, I was taken with a bad case of the army diarrhoea, caused by the bad water, mostly swamp water, we were compelled to drink, together with hard work I had to do, and very irregular eating. We lay in camp a few days when Gen. Lee began another flank movement around our right. Gen. Meade seemed very much alarmed about his communications with Washington. He forgot that his army was well supplied, and that Lee's army could not carry over five days rations, and that if Lee was across his communications, he was also across Lee's, and could cut him off from any possible retreat, and would have him between his own army and the defences of Washington. Notwithstanding these facts, Gen. Meade issued orders to retreat with all possible despatch to Centerville. Back we went very much to the disgust of the whole army. The boys dubbed these marches as "Lee and Meade's Express from Centerville to Culpepper." The surgeon at corps headquarters was unable to even check my diarrhoea, and I was getting very weak. I staid in my saddle attending to my duties until we were within a few miles of Warrenton Junction, when I gave out completely. The surgeon ordered up the headquarter's ambulance

and placed me in it. I was driven to Warrenton Junction. The surgeon rode over to Gen. Meade and told him of my condition. The General said he had orders not to send any more sick or wounded to Washington, as all the hospitals there were full, but that he could, and would, give me a ten days' leave of absence. He sent it by the surgeon, and also sent word that as the season was so far advanced, there would be very little done until spring, and that I could stay at home until I was fully recovered. I had to send a physician's certificate every ten days, saying I was unable to return. I was placed in a box car at Warrenton Junction that was going direct to Washington. I reached there in the evening, and went to the home of an old friend, John W. Green. Mrs. Green was very kind to me, and cooked some very palatable dishes, which not only tasted good, but did me good. I staid over night with them. The next day I went to the Paymaster-General and drew part of my back pay and started for home that evening. I reached Rochester, Mich., at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the second day out, a very tired and used up young man. I got out of the stage at the cross street on which we lived. We were then living in the brick house on the hill. My folks did not know of my coming until I knocked at the door. I need not say that it was a happy meeting with my wife, father and mother, yet they were surprised and sorry to see me in the condition I was. My wife and mother soon had a very nice dinner for me, which I enjoyed very much. They sent for a doctor, but he gave me

very little medicine, saying that good nursing and good food would be better than medicine.

An incident happened, or rather several of them, on my journey home that afforded me a good deal of amusement. When I left the front I kept on my officer's pants and vest, but put on an undress cavalry blouse, without any straps on the shoulders. While any person knowing anything of military dress would know that I was an officer, yet they could not tell my rank.

When I reached Washington, D. C., those that I met on the street would ask, "Colonel, how is it out at the front?" When I got as far as Pittsburg, Pa., those I met would ask, "Major, how is it out to the front?" When I reached Cleveland, Ohio, it was, "Captain, how is it at the front?" When I reached Detroit, Mich., I met several that knew me and my rank. They asked, "Well, Lieutenant, how is it at the front?" When I arrived at Rochester, twenty-five miles north of Detroit, the stage drew up at the corner where I was to get out. A little boy about five years old, dirty and ragged, ran out of a blacksmith's shop on the corner and stood by the side of the stage. As I got out he looked up at me and said, "Hello, Sam, is that you?" This was the cap sheaf, and recalled all the other ranks I had been called since leaving the front.

A few days after I related the incidents to the editor of the Pontiac Gazette, and he wrote up a very amusing article, entitled "Letting Him Down Easy." This article was copied in almost every northern paper.

My name was not mentioned, but everybody in that part of the country knew who the officer was.

I reached home, as above related, about the 20th of October, 1863. I staid there until about the last of November, and had improved so much in health that I returned to the army. I reached the headquarters of the cavalry corps, and found that our brigade was camped near Stevensburg. I rode there and reported to Lieut.-Col. Gould, who was in command of the regiment, and told him I wanted to stay with my company, and under no circumstances did I want to go back to the headquarters of the Fifth army corps. He told me he was glad to get me back, and ordered me to take command of my company, and that he would fix things all right for me to stay with him.

I went to my company, and a glad lot of men they were to see me back again. There was no commissioned officer with them. Capt. Gray had resigned. The second lieutenant had been discharged on account of sickness. The orderly sergeant was in command. He was one of the best sergeants in the regiment, but no commander. The boys that wanted a firm hand over them, would run right over him. I had him call the company out, and went down the whole line shaking hands with every one of them. In doing this I scanned every man to see if he was clean and kept his clothes in nice condition. I ordered them to break ranks, and calling the orderly to my tent, told him to quietly call two of the men to me. They were very unclean and unkempt. I told them they must wash up clean, have their hair and whiskers cut, brush up their

clothes and black their shoes, and come back to me in an hour and let me see how they looked. They came back in less than an hour, looking like other men. They were actually proud of themselves. They promised me never to become so dirty and slack about their person again. Soon after this I was sent down to Raccoon ford on picket duty with my company. I very quickly found I had run into another regular hornet's nest. Every chance the rebs got they fired on my pickets. I gave strict orders not to return the fire. After about twenty-four hours the rebs concluded to hold up. One of them came down to the river and wanted to know whether it was the same company that had been there for several days. I sent word back that it was a new company, and that there would be no picket firing on my line, and that I hoped they would stop. The commander of their line said they would stop. They did not fire any more. After this I had a very pleasant time on this line.

After being on this post about five days I was relieved by another company, and we returned to camp. I then had about two weeks of pleasant camp life, It was beautiful fall weather, and I spent what spare time I had in riding about visiting officers I was acquainted with in other regiments. One morning I received a very pleasant note from Brig.-Gen. Henry E. Davies, commanding the first brigade second division, of the cavalry corps, saying that the Hon. A. C. Baldwin and wife were visiting at his headquarters, and asking me to come over and spend the afternoon and take tea with them. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were old friends of our

family, and lived in Pontiac, Mich. Mr. Baldwin was member of congress from our district. I rode over to Gen. Davies' headquarters, and spent a very pleasant afternoon with the General, his wife and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. After tea I mounted and returned to my camp. My invitation was by request of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. In the morning of the 31st of December, 1863, Lieut.-Col. Gould sent for me to come to his tent. I went up immediately. He told me to take my company and go to Germania ford and relieve the officer, with his command, on duty there. He remarked that he wanted to see me again; meaning that he did not want me to be gobbled up by the rebels coming across the river, and taking me and part of my men prisoners. I told him that he had sent me out a good many times and I had always come back. "Yes," he said, "that is the reason I send you down there now." He told me there had been a good deal of trouble at that ford; that the rebels had come over and captured quite a number of our men.

I started from my camp about 2 p. m. with about sixty men. It had been raining very hard the day before, so the roads were very bad, the mud being from three to four inches deep. About noon the wind began to blow quite hard from the north and the weather turned very cold. I reached the ford about four o'clock and found the officer in command in a camp fully a mile back from the ford. I asked him to send a corporal along with me, and I would send some of my men out to relieve his men on post. This officer warned me not to go any nearer the ford than he was, or the rebels

would come over and gobble us all up before we could get out of the way. I told him I was sent to guard the ford, and could not do it if I was over a mile away. I kept on down the road and found a fine dry place for men and horses about a quarter of a mile from the ford. It was a place that could be easily defended against a force much larger than I had. As soon as I had sent the relief out, I set to work laying out the camp. We soon had things in good shape. The men cut down trees and we had a big log fire to keep us warm and to eat our supper by. I noticed on the way down that back of the place I had selected for my camp, not more than a half-mile, there was an old log house about 12x16 feet. This house contained a man and woman about fifty years old, and two girls about twenty and twenty-two years old. I knew these girls, without doubt, were not only prostitutes, but were spies. They would find out the location of our pickets and in the night slip across the river and inform the rebs. As soon as I had the men and horses taken care of, I sent a trusty sergeant and two or three men to this house, and notified all of them to leave that night, and not to be found on the line again, or I would arrest them, and send all to our headquarters as spies. They left immediately. Where they went to I neither knew or cared.

It had grown very cold, and by seven o'clock the mud had frozen hard enough to bear up the horses. When the 7 o'clock relief came in, I stood at the entrance of the camp. I saw some of the men were very cold. I had another relief sent out, as I knew no man could sit on his horse two hours without great danger

of being badly frost-bitten. I continued to send out reliefs as fast as one would come in during the whole time of my stay.

In this way no man had to sit on picket post more than one hour at a time. None of my men were frost-bitten in the least. There was an old house about 200 feet from the ford and about half way up the hill; on the side toward the river was a small stoop. I sent a corporal and six men to this house with instructions to keep a picket constantly on the stoop which overlooked the river. I gave them permission to build a fire in the fire-place to keep themselves warm, also to run their horses into the house if safe. It was a fearful cold night. I was up all night looking after men and horses. I had buckets of hot coffee for the men as they came off post.

In the morning (Jan. 1, 1864) as soon as I had my breakfast of hard-tack and coffee, I had my horse saddled up, and taking my orderly started to ride the line, beginning at the ford. After looking that over, I rode up the river. After riding about half a mile, I found that the river took a long bend to the south, and returning again, continued on its course nearly west. The bend was like an oxbow, and was about half a mile each way. It was called "Fox Neck." I found that the picket line ran across the neck instead of following along the river as it should have done. As it was, it left about two miles of the river wholly unguarded, allowing the rebels to cross in perfect safety. No doubt, in this way several of the pickets had been captured. The officer that laid out the line had made a bad blunder.

but it would have been a very unsafe thing for me to do to change the line.

On account of the extreme cold weather the night before, I had ordered reliefs to be sent out every hour. I decided to continue this as long as I was in command. This practically was the same as having the line patrolled every hour by a squad of ten or twelve men. In looking over the neck, I saw there was a house about in the middle, being about a quarter of a mile from the line. I asked the picket whether he had seen any men about the house. I rode clear across the neck and asked each picket that could see the house (there were three) the same question. Each one said they had not seen any person moving about it. There was smoke coming out of the chimney, so I knew one or more persons lived there. Thinking it best to know who it was, I rode back and notified each of the pickets who had a view of the house, that I was going out there and to keep a sharp look-out for me, and if they saw anything suspicious, to fire off their gun and alarm the camp. I then rode out to the house, and coming up in the rear of it, putting my horse in the wood-shed out of the wind, knocked at the back door. My knock was the first intimation the inmates had that there was any person nearer than the picket line. I heard quite a rustling within. My first thought was that I was trapped. I always carried a big navy revolver in my right boot leg. I reached down and drew it out with my thumb on the hammer. Just at this time a large girl about eleven or twelve years old opened the door. I saw

that she was crying. This reassured me and I dropped my revolver back in my boot, the movement being unseen by her. I glanced hurriedly around the room that could be seen through the open door. Just behind the girl was a boy nine or ten years old. To the left was a lady sitting, leaning over a few coals in a large fire-place, with a shawl over her shoulders, and a little babe in her lap. Her back was toward me. The girl said, "Will you walk in, Sir?" Stepping inside I glanced over the room hurriedly to assure myself there were no rebels about. The girl set a chair by the fire-place to the left of her mother and asked me to have a seat. As I was sitting down I said to the lady, who had not yet turned her face to me, "Good morning, Madam." She turned her face toward me and said "Good morning, Captain." I saw she was crying very hard, and that she was not over thirty-five years old, yet she had a careworn and pinched expression on her face, but I could see that she was a refined and educated lady. I said to her, "Madam, you seem to be in trouble here. If you will tell me what it is I may be able to help you." She burst out crying and could say nothing for a moment. Then looking toward me she said, "Captain, we are starving, I have not had a mouthful to eat for twenty-four hours. We had one hard-tack apiece yesterday. I had two left; this morning I broke them in two and gave half of one to each of my four children."

She had five children, one being a babe less than one year old. Upon hearing this I jumped up and said, "Madam, I did not come down here to fight women

and children, and I won't see you starve to death on my line. You will hear from me very soon." I strode out of the house with my ten pound cavalry boots, with big spurs, a navy revolver sticking out of the right boot leg, and my big sabre dragging on the floor, I likely made as much noise as a drove of cattle. I was soon mounted, and clapping spurs into my horse was soon at my camp. Just before I came up, the ration wagons had arrived and were unloading. A trusty corporal stood near. I called to him to report to me there as soon as possible with three good men mounted. I ordered some other men standing near by to dump three oat sacks (an oat sack held four bushels) and to fill one to the brim with hard-tack; another to be filled with soft bread. By this time the corporal and three men reported to me. I had the sack of hard-tack put up in front of one of the men, and the sack of soft bread in front of another. I had the empty sack laid in front of the third man, and selecting the largest fore-quarter of beef out of about a dozen, had it placed in front of him. I gave the corporal a few things from my tent for Mrs. Brooke, and told him to go to the house on the neck and present them to her with my compliments. They started on their journey of mercy soon after noon and did not return until about four o'clock.

I laid down near the big camp fire to get some needed rest and sleep. When the boys came back they reported that Mrs. Brooke and all the children stood in the open door waiting for them as they rode up. They carried all the things into the house and sat them down in the same room I had been in. No sooner had they

sat them down than Mrs. Brooke and each one of the children caught a loaf of bread and ate it as only a starving person can. They ate and laughed and cried for joy. They said the antics of the children were beyond description. All four of these men were old soldiers and had been in several hard fought battles, yet their eyes and cheeks showed very plainly that each one of them had been crying (they wouldn't own it) but I did not wonder at it after hearing their story. They said after all had ate to their fill that Mrs. Brooke and her daughter played on the piano and sang for them. Mrs. Brooke sent her thanks to me for the food and a request to come out and see her that evening. I could not well go as I had my hands full to take care of men and horses.

The next morning (Jan. 2d), after an early breakfast, I mounted and rode the whole length of my line. After seeing everything was all right I rode out to Mrs. Brooke. As I rode up she and all of the children stood in the door waiting for me. The reader can better imagine the reception I received than I can write it. After this was over I pulled out of my overcoat pocket a quart bottle of whisky, remarking that all southern ladies knew how to make a good hot whisky toddy. There was a large kettle of hot water over the fireplace. The daughter brought out a little tea which she placed in a large pitcher and poured on a quantity of hot water, then Mrs. Brooke poured in the amount of whisky to suit her taste. One of them drew up a center table in front of the fireplace and Mrs. Brooke and myself had just seated ourselves

beside it when a very loud knock came at the door. The daughter opened it and there stood a colonel, the grand officer of the day, and his adjutant. I arose and saluted him. As he stepped in he asked if I was Lieut. Harris. I answered, "Yes, Sir." He said, "Do you know that you are liable to be dishonorably dismissed from the service for being outside the lines?" I answered in these words: "Colonel, Mrs. Brooke and myself were just going to take a drink of hot whisky toddy, perhaps you and you adjutant would like to join us, as we have plenty for all." Rubbing his hands in glee, he said, "Yes, yes, we would ; it will taste good this cold morning." The children set two more chairs by the table and all four sat down and drank hot toddy and chatted for an hour. At this time the colonel said, "Lieut. Harris, we do not like to take you away from such pleasant company, but we must go and would like to have you escort us to your camp." "Certainly," I said, as we bade Mrs. Brooke and her family good-bye, and thanking her for her kindness to us we mounted and rode to my camp. I ordered dinner for all three of us and to have the horses fed. After a very enjoyable dinner they looked over the ground in and about my camp. They complimented me very highly in the selection, and its being so near the post where danger might be expected ; also on my sending six men and a corporal to the house near the ford, these men being relieved every twenty-four hours. He also complimented me on sending out my reliefs every hour, not only on account of the cold but as a patrol. They then mounted and rode away.

I never heard anything more about being dismissed from the service for being outside the lines. I have always thought that the hot whisky toddy saved me. The next morning after riding my line and seeing that everything was all right, I rode out to see Mrs. Brooke again, and passed a very pleasant hour or more with them. I took out several articles of eatables to them, among the rest was part of a codfish. I apologized to her for doing so, saying that I was well aware most southern ladies almost despised that Yankee dish. She said she had learned to like it while at school in Philadelphia ; that she had attended a young ladies boarding school there for three years, also that one of her classmates, and part of the time her room-mate, was Mrs. Jefferson Davis (then the wife of the president of the Southern Confederacy). She also informed me that her husband was a captain in the rebel army, and that he was then a prisoner in Old Capitol prison ; that he was captured by our folks while at home sick. She said he had a relative (a sister, I think), living in Washington. I told her that I would try and get him parolled within the limits of the City of Washington, with the privilege of boarding with his relative. I then bade the family good-bye and rode back to my camp in good time for dinner. This was the last time I ever saw Mrs. Brooke or any of her family.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock, an officer came from camp with an order to me from Lieut.-Col. Gould to turn over my command to him and for me to report to him (Gould) that evening. I turned over

my command as ordered, and mounting my horse reached camp about dusk.

I reported to Col. Gould immediately, and he handed me an order to appear before the examining board of the cavalry corps the next day at ten o'clock. I knew at once that this was the work of my arch enemy, Col. R. A. Alger. It was well understood in the army that it was equal to being dismissed from service to be ordered before such a board. Many officers, rather than go before any of these boards, would resign. But I was not made of that kind of stuff. So the next morning I dressed up in my dress suit and rode over to the headquarters of the board. I was soon ushered into the room where the board was sitting. On entering the room I saw to my great surprise that the president of the board was Brig.-Gen. Henry E. Davies, with whom I had spent, a few days before, so pleasant an afternoon, together with his family and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. Of course, he did not recognize me, nor I him, as ever having met or seen each other before. All the other officers composing the board were strangers to me. I stepped near the center of the room and came to "attention" and saluted each member of the board. I stood at "attention" waiting for some order from the president. Soon the recorder asked my name, regiment, rank, etc. After answering each of these questions the General asked one of the other officers to begin the examination. He began by asking me questions about sabre practice and motions. I said, "General, I did not think it proper to wear my sabre before the board to

be examined for dismissal, but if you will allow me to use your sabre I will go through the sabre manual." He directed one of the officers to hand me one, at the same time said about as follows: "Lieutenant, it is possible for an officer to be ordered before this board and not be dismissed." I bowed respectfully to him in answer to his remark. I took the sabre and went through the manual without a mistake. Then they asked about the evolutions of a company and regiment on drill and in action, etc., all of which I answered correctly. Then a major (a member of the board) thought he would have a little fun with me, and began to ask me burlesque questions. I very gentlemanly parried each one with a burlesque answer, much to the amusement of the rest of the board. He then asked me how much weight a soldier should put in his stirrups. I quickly answered "one-third." The officers looked at each other, thinking they had caught me. The Major asked where I got that from. I said, "from Colonel —— ." He asked where I knew him. I said, "he used to be —— of our regiment." All the officers of the board broke out in a loud laugh at the Major's expense. (The officer I referred to was the butt of many a joke). Some of the officers said, "Major you are sold." As soon as the General could get his face straightened he said, "Gentlemen, I have no further questions to ask this officer." Each one of the others said they had none. He turned toward me and said about these words: "Lieut. Harris, I wish to compliment you on your examination. You have passed the best one of all the officers that have been

before us, and I wish to say to you that some officers are recommended for dismissal and some are not. We will now excuse you." I bowed my thanks to him for the compliment, then standing erect, I saluted them and bidding them good day, turned on my heel and marched out of the room. No sooner had I closed the door than a loud peal of laughter came from the room. My own pent-up feelings gave vent to laughter and to tears at the same time. I mounted my horse and clapped spurs into his flanks. I was very soon in the tent of my old friend, Lieut.-Col Gould. I told him all about the examination. He said, "Lieutenant, you are all right." He was very much pleased at the way I had answered their burlesque questions. I soon mounted again and rode to my own tent. I gave my horse into the care of one of my men and went into my tent and had just seated myself before a good fire in the fireplace, which some of my men had thoughtfully built for me, when the orderly of Col. Gould burst into the door with a broad grin on his face and said, "Col. Gould wants you to come right up to his tent as he has good news for you." We went almost on the run, and I was soon inside the Colonel's tent. He was standing and holding a letter in his hand, which he swung over his head and said, "Hurrah! Lieutenant, I told you you were all right." Passing me the letter, said, "read that," which was almost word for word as follows :

"LIEUT.-COL. E. GOULD, Commander Fifth Michigan Cavalry :

"Sir—Lieut. Samuel Harris appeared before our board today. He passed a most excellent examination. The board has unanimously recommended him for further promotion.

Respectfully,

"HENRY E. DAVIES;

"Brig.-Gen. and President of the Board."

Col. Gould was generally a very sedate man, not given much to show, but if any outsider could have seen us at this time, they would have thought we were two boys about sixteen years old. Our ecstasy was almost unbounded. At the suggestion of Col. Gould, I wrote a letter to the board thanking them for their compliment. I asked Col. Gould if he could think of any other move that my arch enemy, Col. R. A. Alger, could make to annoy me. He said, "No, you have out-generated him in every move he has made, and if he knows what is best for him he will quit." I took particular pains to let Hon. Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan, and the Honorable John F. Driggs, Member of Congress from the Saginaw District, as well as Hon. A. C. Baldwin, Member of Congress from the Pontiac District, know of the course Col. Alger was taking with me; and also some other officers in the regiment. Col. Alger was doing all in his power to get promoted to brigadier-general, and I was doing all I could to prevent his having that honor; and I *succeeded* with the help of others. He was *never made a brigadier*. The strain I had been under for the past twenty-four hours had unnerved me more than any engagement I had ever been in, and was laid up for the next ten days unfit for even camp duty. But soon I recovered, and took my regular turn on picket and other duties. From this time, (about January 10th until February 27th) nothing unusual occurred. In the evening of Feb. 27th Lieut.-Col. Gould sent for me to come to his tent. On reporting to him, I received an order to take command of twenty-five men from Company K of our regiment,

and to report at 12 o'clock that night to Col. Ulric Dahlgren at Stevensburg. I protested most earnestly against the order, but no use. Then I urged him to let me take twenty-five men from my company. But nothing would do but that I must take Company K. He said, "I want you to get some fighting out of them." I reported on time, and found that we were part of a detachment consisting of four hundred men; as I now remember, one hundred from each of the following cavalry regiments: Second New York, Fifth New York, First Vermont and the Fifth Michigan.

This expedition was for the purpose of trying to release our men who were held as prisoners in Libby Prison and on Belle Isle. We marched direct for Ely's Ford, arriving before daylight. One company dashed across the ford and captured all the guards. Then the rest of the column followed. We flanked the right of Lee's army. We marched day and night, hardly stopping long enough to make coffee and feed the horses. The men had no sleep the night we started, and we kept on the march all the next day and night. More than half the men were asleep on their horses. I slept soundly at least half the night while marching.

Early in the morning of the second day we came out on a large camp of rebel artillery. We were halted in the woods in plain sight of the camp to give time for our scouts to see where we were. The only thing we could do was to take the road and march past the camp. The road was not more than twenty rods from the camp, and not a fence or bush to conceal us in the least. Our boldness took away all suspicion that we

were Yankees. Some of the gunners were practicing at a mark beyond us. They even stopped firing until our column was by, so as not to do any damage to us. Just as soon as we were out of sight from this camp, some of the men in front climbed up the telegraph poles and destroyed the line so they could not notify Richmond ahead of us. About a mile from camp we picked up in the road two or three soldiers. From them Dahlgren learned that the colonel in command of the camp and most of the officers, were in a house about a mile ahead of us. When the head of the column reached this house, they surrounded it and captured all the officers, which were taken along with us; leaving six or eight girls behind. That night all the prisoners were turned loose. As this was the third night without sleep, the Colonel halted to give the men a chance to make coffee and get a little sleep. We were off before day. Soon we reached the James River road. To the astonishment of Col. Dahlgren, we were full twenty-five miles above Richmond and about three miles above the residence of Mr. J. A. Seddon, the rebel secretary of war, which is named Goochland.

Col. Dahlgren and Major Cook were very much exasperated to find they were so far above Richmond as they claimed the guide promised to bring them out on the James River, not over ten miles above Richmond, where there was a ford they could cross to the north side of the river. They jumped at the conclusion that the Negro guide had betrayed them and had purposely misled them. They ordered him hung up to a limb of a tree which was done by a lariat rope. As the

column passed along some of the boys threw flour in his face saying, "There, you are a white man, no colored man ever betrayed us." This guide was a very intelligent half-blood colored man. I had my doubts then, and still have the same, whether this guide intentionally or treacherously misled us. We were marching day and night, and keeping off the main roads as much as possible by taking by-roads and cow paths. Part of the nights were pitch dark, especially when going through the woods. Under these circumstances I considered then, and do now, that the guide done remarkably well to bring us out to within about fifteen miles of the point aimed at in a march of nearly two hundred miles. I will state that I was about in the middle of the column and knew nothing of the guide's being hung, until we came to the spot some minutes after. A march of nearly two miles brought us to the residence of Mr. Seddon, the rebel secretary of war.

Here the column halted. My company was directly opposite the house, and not more than one hundred feet from the front porch. It was a large, old style Virginia mansion, with a wide porch across the front, and four large stone columns.

We had been here but a few moments, when I heard a noise in the house like the breaking of glass, and at the same time I heard a woman scream. I looked to see that all my men were in rank, and saw they were. I then jumped from my horse and ran up on the porch. Just as I was stepping upon the end of it, a man (one of our men) came out of the door with a double barrel shot gun, and struck it against one of the

columns. I hollered to him to stop, but not quick enough. The barrels broke in two and proved to be made of fine wire. I stepped to the door and looked into the house, but did not go in. As I stood looking in the door, Mrs. Seddon came and said to me, "Your men are pillaging my house and breaking my furniture. Won't you stop it?" I said to her, "Madam, they are not my men. If they were they would come out of there or I would shoot them. There is Col. Dahlgren, the commander, go to him." She ran to the Colonel and made her appeal. With what success I do not know. I immediately went back to my horse and mounted. One of my men went to the barn in the rear of the house, and found a fine full-blooded Kentucky horse and brought him out and gave him to me. It was the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. I put one of my men on it with orders to take good care of him as I might need it. We soon started on the road to Richmond. Between the Seddon mansion and the river was a large grist-mill with a saw-mill attached. These were driven by about a one hundred horse-power steam engine. These mills were fired in several places. A few steps further and we were on the bank of the James river canal. Here we found two or three canal boats loaded with corn meal and lumber from the mills we had just burned. These were all burned. Down the canal tow path we went as fast as our horses would stand. Soon we came to an aqueduct over a small stream. It was built of large stone. I was directed to see that it was destroyed as much as possible. We had no tools for such work. It withstood my best efforts.

The column had continued on its march, so I was compelled to abandon further efforts for its destruction, and catch up with the column. Soon after this we left the tow path for the river road. We kept on a steady march until about four o'clock, when we came to the outer breast works of Richmond. Here we halted long enough to make coffee and feed the horses. While here Col. Dahlgren sent a lieutenant and about ten men to communicate, if possible, with Gen. Kilpatrick. I am very doubtful whether any of them lived to get through. Soon after this we were ordered to mount. I was ordered to take the rear as rear guard. The head of the column charged over the outer breastworks and drove out a few scattering men behind them. We passed down the river road a little over a mile, when the column halted. I heard considerable firing up at the head. Very soon all the men in front of me broke ranks and rode up to the fence on the right hand, which they threw down, and then rode into the woods. My own men started to do the same, but I halted them and held them in ranks in the road. I directed four or five of the right hand men to dismount and throw down the fence so we could get into the woods in a hurry if necessary. I held my men in position, well knowing that if the head of the column was driven back, it would be a great help to them to have a company in position to reform behind. Just at this time I saw an officer riding back toward me as fast as he could come. When he reached me he said, "Lieut. Harris, Col. Dahlgren sends his compliments to you and requests you to charge right down the road." Upon receiving

this order, the first thing I did was to order the boy who was on the horse captured from the Seddon's, to fall out and to stay right there as I might want the horse. I then gave the order to draw sabre, forward, march, trot, and to charge, each in succession. The boys yelled like demons, and the boys in the woods yelled and cheered us on. I did not *know where* I was *going*, or *what, who, or how many* I was *charging*.

About ten rods from the rebs was a bend in the road. As I came around this bend I could see that the enemy, mostly, were behind a rail fence. As I came in sight around the bend they fired a volley at us. I do not think that one shot hit any of us. Every shot went over. I continued on until right in among them. Then another volley was given us. I was fully ten feet in advance of any of my men. This volley came from both sides of the road and seemed to be aimed at me. I was hit in the left shoulder by a ball .79 in diameter, or over three-quarters of an inch. It broke my collar bone and fractured my shoulder blade.

(NOTE—When I took off my overcoat I found there were thirteen ball holes through it, and found two through my hat. Just as this volley came, the boy I had put on the captured horse rode up by my side. The horse was hit in the forehead and dropped dead. The boy was hit five times, one ball breaking the bone in his arm. We left him in Mr. Green's house).

When I saw the rebs were behind a fence, I put back my sabre and drew my revolver from my right boot leg. I held the bridle reins in my left hand. The



Charge at Green's Farm. March 1st, 1864.

instant I was wounded my left arm dropped by my side useless. I put my revolver back in my boot and caught the reins in my right hand. I continued on at the head until we had passed the fence twenty or thirty feet. The moment the rebs had fired the second volley they broke and ran for the rear as fast as they could go. I now turned over the command to a second lieutenant and went back to where Col. Dahlgren was. With him were Major Cook and Capt. Hasting of the Fifth Michigan. They all complimented me very highly on the charge and for the conduct of my men. Not a man flinched.

I give here a photo-engraving of a large painting I had made from a sketch made soon after the engagement. In the year 1891 I revisited the field to look it over and see if my sketch was correct. All the surroundings looked natural, except that not one rail was left of the fences, but they could all be traced by the bushes that had grown up.

If any member of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry should by chance read the above, I want them to remember that this charge was made by twenty-five men from Company K of the Fifth, called the "Dutch Company." I don't think twenty-five men ever mounted horses that could have made a more gallant charge. The following is what the rebel papers said of it:

[COPY.]

The Sentinel, Thursday Morning, March 3, 1864.

"The fierceness of the charge which the Departmental Battalion met in line of battle is evidenced by the *sabre cuts received*. Several of the enemy rode

through our lines and were shot down or captured. Of the loss sustained by the enemy we cannot speak with positive precision. They collected eighteen of their wounded at Mr. Green's house, in the rear of the fighting. Seven of these they afterwards carried away with them. Four of their dead were picked up on the battle ground yesterday morning, as also several wounded. Of the latter, three died in a few hours, and another is evidently mortally wounded. Some indication of the casualties is given in the ten dead horses that lay near here.

The above article places our loss at double what it actually was. The facts are they lost at least two to our one in killed and wounded. We lost none by being captured during the fight, while we took over fifty prisoners. While during the war I did nothing more than hundreds of other officers did, yet I have the honor of leading a charge nearer into Richmond than any other Union officer, and can say that I was successful in routing a much larger force than I was leading. At the same time I was leading the above charge Major Cook of the Second New York Cavalry had taken a force of about two hundred men and flanked the rebels on their right. This brought at least half the force opposed to us between two fires. When they saw this they broke and ran, or surrendered.

Col. Dahlgren said without doubt we would have to retreat, and now we could do so with safety. I then told the Colonel that I was badly wounded. He said I had better go over to the surgeon, who was in the house across the road (Mr. Green's).

I went over and found him. I stripped off so he could see my wound. He could do nothing for me,

except to stop the flow of blood. He then tied my silk handkerchief around my shoulder. I put on my clothes and told him I should ride as far as I could stand it, hoping I might be able to get back to our lines. I mounted and rode back to where I had left the Colonel and found quite a number of prisoners that had been brought in, and several of our men guarding them. I sent them all to the front and took charge of the prisoners alone. All the prisoners were either boys of fifteen to eighteen years old or old men. A young fellow about eighteen came up to me and asked, "Captain, you aint going to take me along as a prisoner, are you? I aint able to walk far." I looked down at him and sure enough his looks showed that he could not march far. I knew that we did not want any prisoners along in our retreat, so I asked the boy how far it was down to the bank of the river. He said, "not over ten rods." I then told him to run for the bank as fast as he could go. He legged it good. All the others (there were twenty-five or thirty in all) asked to follow, and I sent them off one at a time for fear some of our men might see them, and not knowing they had permission to go, would fire at them. I warned them to hug the bank for two hours. By this time it had become so dark you could hardly see your hand before you. Col. Dahlgren and several other officers returned to the place I was, opposite Mr. Green's house in the woods. Just at this time we saw a rocket go up, aimed at an angle backward, which was the signal for us to retreat.

Col. Dahlgren gave the order to retreat, and started at the head of the column.

[COPY.]

COL. DAHLGREN'S MOVEMENT.

New York Herald, March 8th, 1864.

"It was expected that a party of five hundred picked men, under Col. Dahlgren, on hearing Kilpatrick's guns would make an advance in another direction on the city, but being led by a Negro guide to an impassable ford was unable to join the command."

The above article from the New York Herald is very misleading. We did not hear Gen. Kilpatrick's guns, nor did a Negro guide lead us to an impassable ford. The facts are we were on the same side of the river all the time as Gen. Kilpatrick.

Just as we started on the retreat it began to rain very hard, and was so dark we could not see the horse in front of us. I was riding by the side of Capt. Hastings, at the head of the men from the Fifth Michigan Cavalry. Coming to the forks in the road, we discovered that the column in front of us had entirely disappeared. We called to them but got no answer. Men were sent out on each road to try to find them. They all returned without success. The column had broken in two about in the middle. About one hundred and fifty men were with Col. Dahlgren and about two hundred with us. We were without a guide, and none of us knew anything of the country. After consultation we concluded to take the left-hand road, as that was more in line of rocket sent up by Gen. Kilpatrick; also it would take us outside the breastworks.

After going four or five miles, as we were going up a

slight hill, we were fired on by quite a company of men in a fort on top of the hill by the side of the road. Most of the balls went over us; one hit an officer riding by my side and wounded him quite severely. We turned around very quickly and got out of range as fast as possible.

After going about two miles, we saw a light in a hut by the side of the road. We halted, and one of the officers went up to the house and called for some one to come out. A very intelligent negro made his appearance. He told us that we were on the Brock pike road, and were headed the right way. He told us we had run against a large fort when we were fired on; also that quite a large force of rebel cavalry had passed down the road the same way we were going but a short time before. We moved on four or five miles and turned into a patch of woods on the left of the road, and laid down to get a little badly needed rest. We had only fairly got into the woods when a force of about two hundred rebel cavalry passed by on the road, not over one hundred feet from part of our men. They did not see or hear us. It rained very hard until about 2 a. m. when it turned into snow. As soon as it was daylight, the column started on the march. By this time I had become quite weak from the loss of blood and the hard march in the rain. My wound had become very painful. I required help to mount my horse, and every step he took would send daggers through me. But the thought of Libby Prison would nerve me up, to try if possible, to get through to our lines. I fell in with the officers of the First Vermont

Cavalry about in the middle of the column. Two or three of my company found me and rode by my side to keep me from falling off my horse.

After riding in this way about five miles, we came to Old Church. Just as we got to the Corners we were fired on from ambush, by about one hundred and fifty men under the command of Col. Bradley T. Johnson. The head of the column cut its way through and kept right on its way. As the First Vermont came up, they had to fight a superior force; while if the head of the column had turned about and rendered the assistance they could easily have done, the whole force of rebels would have been driven off or captured. I saw that the First Vermont would have all they could do to take care of themselves; and to get through the ambush. I told the officers to abandon me; that if they had to help me through, very likely some able-bodied men would be captured. The result was, all the wounded and dismounted men were captured, I among the number.

[COPY.]

ANOTHER FIGHT AND CAPTURE OF PRISONERS.

Richmond Whig—Friday morning, March 4th, 1864.

Col. Bradley Johnson encamped at Old Church, Hanover County, Wednesday night. Yesterday he formed a junction with a small detachment of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry and attacked the enemy again, bringing as trophies of his victory eighty-odd prisoners.

[COPY.]

PRISONERS.

Richmond Whig—Saturday morning, March 5th, 1864.

Twenty-nine more prisoners were registered at Libby yesterday, mostly captured at Old Church. They

belonged chiefly to the Michigan Cavalry. All the prisoners have not yet arrived. There are four commissioned officers taken thus far, one of them being the lieutenant who led the charge on our men Tuesday night on the Westham road, near Mr. Green's house.

I had surrendered to a sergeant. Very soon after I had done so, a boy belonging to a regiment we had been fighting came within ten feet of me and fired at me. I saw what he was up to, and about the time I thought he would fire I dropped on my horse's neck. He shot over me, as I had calculated he would. Almost instantly a man hollered: "Stop that shooting." Looking in the direction of the voice I saw an officer coming toward us as fast as his horse could run. Reining up near me he said, "Who fired that shot at this officer?" No one answered him (there were at least a dozen rebels about me). Then turning to me he asked, "Captain, tell me who fired at you and I will shoot him." He held a large revolver in his hand, and I think he meant just what he said. I declined to point him out, saying to the officer that as long as he did not hit me to let him go. He then took me to Col. Johnson in person. I then learned that the officer was Capt. Williams, adjutant to Col. Johnson. They soon found I was badly wounded and used me very kindly. They invited me to dinner with them. In the afternoon they sent me in charge of a sergeant to a house near by where I had supper, a fair bed to sleep in and breakfast the next morning, for which I have always held a very grateful remembrance of Col. Johnson (afterwards general), Capt. Williams, and the

sergeant whose name I have forgotten. Then he procured a team and lumber wagon with a darkey to ride the mule. Filling the box with straw and helping me into it, we started for Richmond, where we arrived about ten o'clock a. m., on Friday, the 4th day of March, 1864. I was driven direct to the headquarters of the defences of Richmond, which were in the basement of a house opposite one corner of the Capitol grounds, directly across the street from headquarters, corner of North and Capitol streets.

Very soon there was a large crowd collected in the street. I very soon found out that they were holding a drum head court-martial on me. During this time there was a perfect stream of men and boys passing by the wagon and looking over the sides to get a sight at me. Two gray-haired men, handsomely dressed in gray, with gray stove-pipe hats and ruffled shirt bosoms, each a fine looking gentleman, came along on the sidewalk and looked over the side at me, and one said to the other, "It is a pity to hang that young fellow." The other answered, "Yes, it is too bad." At this time several in the crowd hollered out, "Now we will see a damned Yankee hung in a few moments." I well knew on hearing the above that the drum head court-martial had sentenced me to be hung. Becoming tired of having so many gazing at me, I drew a red silk handkerchief over my face with my right hand. I could see through this but they could hardly see me. Some moments before this I had noticed two ladies sitting in an open window over the head-

quarters office and that they were looking down at me. I could see them through my silk handkerchief very plainly, and saw that they had made no manifestations of joy when it became known that I was sentenced to be hung. One of the ladies looked about forty-five and the other eighteen or twenty years old. The elder was a fine-looking, well preserved lady. She was sitting in an armchair close to the window. The younger was a handsome looking girl, with an abundance of jet black hair and black eyes. She stood just to the right of the elder and was leaning on her right shoulder with her left arm. They were still looking right down in my face. The thought ran through my mind, "Possibly you are Union ladies." Anyway I would find out what their feelings toward me were. So I looked them right in the face and took hold of my handkerchief with my right hand and watching my opportunity, when no one would see me, drew it off my face. They both saw the movement and that I was looking at them. The younger one stepped backward, and pulling from her bosom a handkerchief, waved it at me. The elder leaned back in her chair and waved her hand. I nodded my head to let them know that I recognized the act. This little act of sympathy was too much for me, and instantly a perfect flood of tears ran down my cheeks in spite of my best efforts to hold them back.

I drew my handkerchief back over my face as quickly as possible, as I did not want any of the crowd about me to see it. I wiped my face and eyes the best I could, but kept the handkerchief over my face.

There were three or four men stopped on the sidewalk, and one made a remark about my being hung, that indicated they were glad of it. This made me mad. Uncovering my face I said to them in a loud voice, "You can hang me but you must remember that Abe Lincoln lives up in Washington, and that he has three prisoners to your one, and that he will hang three of the highest rank he has got for me." This was a stunner not only to these men, but to the crowd nearby. It showed them that two might play at hanging. Some one made the remark, "The damned Yankee is going to die game." What I said to them did some good, for I heard no more ribald remarks about my being hung. The crowd still continued to pass by and gaze at me but were much more respectful.

Not long after the above incident, a very nicely dressed and gentlemanly young man about twenty-four years old, having on a captain's uniform, came up on the sidewalk and leaning over the side of the wagon, asked in a very pleasant voice and manner, "Are you the officer they have here?" I said, "I presume I am the one you mean."

Question—What is your name?

Answer—Samuel Harris.

Question—What regiment are you from?

Answer—The Fifth Michigan Cavalry.

Question—What is your rank and company?

Answer—First Lieutenant, Company A.

Question—I want to be sure I am right. You say you are Samuel Harris, First Lieutenant, Company A, Fifth Michigan Cavalry.

Answer—Yes, sir ; that is right.

He then leaned over close to my head and said, "Lieutenant, don't be scared, they are not going to hang you or hurt a hair of your head, I assure you." I started to ask him who he was and by what authority he said so, but he was gone. I raised up on my right elbow and looked for him. but he was nowhere to be seen. He had completely disappeared in the crowd. I laid back on the straw and thought over what the captain had said to me. His looks and manner assured me that he was not trifling with me, and that he meant just what he said when he told me "they are not going to hang you." But if that was true why had he disappeared so suddenly? Why did he not tell me by what authority he made this statement? Hope and fear raced through my mind at lightning speed for the next half hour. It would be impossible by the greatest stretch of imagination for the reader to conceive of my feelings during this time. At length an end came to my doubts and fears. The sergeant came up by the side of the wagon with a great, broad smile on his face and his eyes just sparkling with joy and said to me, "Lieutenant, they aint going to hang you. I have got orders to take you to Libby Prison, and that you are to be used like other prisoners of war."

Libby Prison, with all its horrors, was better than being hung.

Very soon the sergeant ordered the driver to drive down Capitol street to Libby Prison, where we arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, March 4th,

1864. I was in a perfect state of collapse, caused partly by my wound, which was *aching very badly*, not having been attended to in any manner for nearly forty-eight hours, and partly from hunger, but mostly from the terrible ordeal I had passed through. They had to almost carry me into the hospital room on the ground floor and lay me on a cot. There were about fifty wounded and sick Union officers in the hospital. Not one of them thought I would live until morning. Soon after I was laid on the cot one of our officers brought me a cup of coffee, made out of burning some coarse corn bread they had to eat without milk or sugar, together with a small piece of corn bread. I can assure you it was not very palatable, yet it refreshed me. Soon James Watson, a prisoner who was a hospital steward in our army, and chosen by the rebel surgeon to act as hospital steward in the prison, came to me and by the free use of warm water soaked my clothes on my shoulder until he softened the dry blood enough to get them off. He then dressed my wound the best he could for the night. The next morning the surgeon came and after examining my wound said to me, "Young man, you are very badly wounded, and I would say there was about one chance in a hundred for you to live." I looked up at him and said, "Doctor, I will take that one chance." He laughed and said, "Young man your eyes and countenance do not look as though you ever drank much liquor." I replied that I had drank very little. He said, "Then I will give you one chance in ten to live." My reply was, "Doctor, that is a big improvement," and added, "I want

you to remember that I am going to live to get back in God's country." He laughed heartily and said, "Keep up your pluck, and I wouldn't wonder if it carried you through." He then explained to me why my wound was so dangerous. He said the ball had laid bare the artery running to my arm and if the wound did not heal up quickly it would cause the artery to slough off, and weaken it so much that it would burst, and I would bleed to death instantly. He stood over me and directed Mr. Watson how to dress my wound. Not long after the Doctor had left me I had some very unexpected callers, consisting of Mrs. Seddon, the wife of the rebel secretary of war, accompanied by her daughter, a young lady about twenty-one years old, and her son who was about sixteen years old. They were led to my cot by the adjutant of the prison. Mrs. Seddon was angry clear through, and began to abuse me by saying, "You are the officer that ordered my house sacked. You are the one I saw on our porch. You are the one that ordered the men to break up my furniture." I got a chance to say, "No, Madam, you are mistaken." She said, "Yes, you are the one, and President Davis has promised me that if I can recognize you as the officer, he would hang you, and I do recognize you as the one." By this time she had got clear beside herself, and coming closer to my cot shut her hand and shook it very close to my face, and fairly yelled, "You are a chicken thief, a horse thief, you stole my daughter's riding horse." "Don't, mother, don't talk so, you forget that you are a lady, you forget this is a wounded officer." Mrs. Seddon, turning to her

daughter, said, "Let me alone." The young lady answered, "Mother, you must not forget that you are a lady." The daughter actually cried to see her mother act as she did. Mrs. Seddon, turning to me even more fiercely than before, said, "I recognize you; you scoundrel, as being the officer that ordered the soldiers to sack our house. You are a murderer, for you hung poor Ned. (Meaning our negro guide). At this time the daughter spoke up and said, "Mother, I am positive this is not the officer that ordered the men into our house. I am sure he is not the one, and I shall tell father and President Davis he is not. Come, mother, do come away," and she fairly pulled her away. But Mrs Seddon must have one more parting salute, and shaking her hand in my face said, "We will celebrate the sabbath by seeing you gibbeted." They then all walked out.

All during the above interview I had hardly said a word except two or three times to say, "Madam, you are mistaken." I saw that I had a very strong advocate and defender in Miss Seddon. I wanted to thank her for it right there, but well knew it would not do. Yet she could not have mistaken my glances at her that they meant my heartfelt thanks. Young Master Seddon had stood three or four feet to the left and rear of his mother, and from his looks and actions I thought sided with his sister.

The above incident was so out of the usual course from anything that had ever happened in Libby Prison before, that it spread all over the prison. One of our officers was exchanged the next Monday, and gave the following notice to a correspondent at Fortress Monroe:

[COPY]

New York Tribune, Friday, March 11, 1864.

Mrs. Seddon, wife of the rebel secretary of war, visited the hospital in Libby Prison to identify a wounded officer as connected with the burning of her home. She failed to do this, but abused him in unmeasured terms and said they all ought to be hung, and she should use every exertion to have them hung.

As soon as Mrs. Seddon and party left, the officers that were in the hospital gathered about my cot and discussed the probability and the possibilities of my being hung the next day. I can assure the reader that it was not a very pleasant subject for me to hear talked about. I was completely exhausted from my wound and what I had passed through in the last forty-eight hours. Some of my kind fellow-prisoners gave me a cup of corn coffee and a piece of corn bread for my supper. Soon after I fell asleep and slept until the sun was well up the next morning, which was Sunday. All that day I kept my eyes on the door expecting to see a file of soldiers come in to take me out to be hung. It was a long day to me; night came at last, and gladly did I welcome the darkness. I slept better Sunday night. Monday morning about ten o'clock the surgeon came on his morning rounds. He came to me first as I was the worst wounded under his care. After attending to me he went to another part of the room, when a sergeant with three or four soldiers came in and marched direct to my cot. I thought they had come to take me out to hang me. I thought they did not want to desecrate the sabbath and had waited until Monday morning.

Almost instantly the surgeon was at my side and said to the sergeant, "What are you doing here?" The sergeant answered, "I have orders from Major Turner to take Lieut. Harris and put him in one of the dungeons in the basement." The surgeon whipped out a big revolver from his hip pocket, and pointing it at the sergeant said, "D—n you, get out of here. You tell Major Turner to go to h—l. Tell him not to touch Lieut. Harris. If he does he will have to walk over my dead body before he gets him in a dungeon. He is under my charge and I shall stand by him." The great big-hearted surgeon knew that it would be sure death to me within twenty-four hours if he allowed me to be put down in the dungeon. I have forgotten his name. He lived below Richmond, Va., on the James River. He was over six feet high, well built, and a fine looking man. I have thanked him many times in my heart for his kindness to me. The firm stand he took relieved me from further torment by three of the meanest and most brutal men that ever lived—Major Turner, in command of Libby Prison, Dick Turner and La Touche, who was adjutant of the prison. Not long after the above, I was told, on what I then thought to be good authority (my notes fail to state how I learned it; my impression is that it was published in the Richmond Despatch of Monday, March 7th, 1864, and that Sergeant Getty brought it to me unknown to Major Turner), that all of President Davis' Cabinet called on him the Saturday before, and that each and everyone insisted that I should be hung. President Davis would not consent, but said

I should be used as a prisoner of war. To show what pressure he had to withstand, I give a few copies of articles from the Richmond papers.

Richmond Whig—Saturday morning, March 5th, 1864.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

How will the confederate authorities treat prisoners captured in an attempt to take Richmond for the purpose of burning it, and murdering the high officials of the government, who have orders to burn, slay and lay waste along the line of their march? The expectation was to enter Richmond at night, and the intention was to immediately apply the torch. They were already provided with fire-balls, turpentine and oakum, to make the incendiarism speedy and sure. Had they succeeded in entering the city, and fired it as they would have done in a thousand different places, how many of its inhabitants would have escaped? What chances would there have been for the women and children, the old, the infirm and the sick? Or, if they had escaped the flames, how many would have survived the inclement night, thrown out into the storm as they would have been without the protection, many of them, of even ordinary clothing? Or, if they had survived this, how many would have sunk under the slow torture of starvation? Shoot horses and cattle, burn barns and mills, destroy everything that sustains life, wrap in flames a city of a hundred thousand souls, murder the president and his cabinet—this was the errand on which these demons came.

The proof is incontestable. The pockets of one of their dead officers furnish the official documents. How, we repeat, will the confederate authorities deal with miscreants taken in the execution of this sort of work? Will they treat them as prisoners of war? We are ashamed to ask the question, but the feebleness and timidity displayed on other occasions really create a

doubt whether this may not be done. Perhaps, now, in a matter so nearly affecting the personnel of the government, we shall see a different spirit displayed, and may find that our principal authorities begin to understand the character of the war, and to be conscious that they are the representatives and agents of a cause that should respect itself, and should exhibit the firmness that springs from conviction. Now or never, we must show the enemy and the world that "we know our rights, and knowing, dare maintain." This day's sun should not go down before every scoundrel taken in this assassin's work is blown to atoms from the mouths of cannon, and every means should be employed to get the names of as many as possible of those who have escaped, so that if taken hereafter they may be treated in the same way.

Richmond Whig, Monday morning, March 7, 1864.

THE CAPTURED BANDITS.

Presuming the documents found on the body of Dahlgren to be authentic, the whole question of the recent attempt to invade Richmond, burn and sack it (with all the other horrible concomitants of such a scene), can be stated and disposed of in few words. It requires no fine disquisition to see our way clear as to what should be done with those of the banditti who have fallen into our hands. * * * *

Are those men warriors? Are they soldiers or are they assassins, barbarians, thugs, who have forfeited (and expect to lose) their lives. Are they not barbarians redolent of more hellish purposes than were ever the Goth, the Hun, or the Saracen? The consensual voice of all Christendom will shudderingly proclaim them *monsters*, whom no sentimental idea of humanity, no timorous views of expediency, no trembling terror of consequences, should have shielded them from the quickest and the sternest death. * * *

If we are less powerful, have we less pride and

self respect than either of these nations. These men have put the *caput lupinum* on themselves. They are not victims; they are volunteers for remorseless death. They have rushed upon fate and struggled in voluntary audacity with the grim monster. Let them die, not by court martial, not as prisoners, but as *hostes humani generis*, by general order from the president, commander-in-chief.

Will the cabinet and president have the nerve to do what lies palpably before them? This is the question in all mouths. * * * * *

Richmond Whig, Tuesday morning, March 8, 1864.

FEATURES OF THE RAID.

* * * The address of Col. Dahlgren to his officers and men announces that they were "selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking." They were cautioned not to leave their ranks too far, or become too much scattered, or they would "be lost," that no temptations of "personal gain" should lead them off, which they were assured would only bring them to an "ignominious death." A "desperate fight" was anticipated and that many would fall, and the privilege was extended to any of them, thus forewarned, who was disinclined to engage in the expedition, to "step out and he may go home." Thus all became volunteers in this lawless undertaking. * * * * *

They were distinctly ordered to burn mills and barns, to destroy "everything which can be used by the rebels," on their route, and, arrived at Richmond, the Yankee prisoners were to be released, the "city destroyed" and "Jeff. Davis and cabinet killed." In addition to usual military equipments, they were amply provided with "oakum, turpentine, and torpedoes," to complete their work. * * * It is our policy, if the question should ever be raised of its perfect propriety, to deal with these prisoners more summarily than with

others in our hands. Barbarous undertakings like these should be so punished, especially upon all engaged in them who fall into our hands, as to deter others from renewing them. Treated like other prisoners, it but encourages such adventures, which have a fascination about them. * * * * *

The Richmond Despatch was even more blood-thirsty than either of the papers quoted from. I have done my best to get copies of the Despatch, but have utterly failed. I have much to be thankful for to Mr. Davis, but much more to be thankful for to his estimable wife, as will be seen by the following pages.

About the year 1870 I visited Rochester, Mich., and while there met one of my old company. During our talk about war times he asked me if I remembered Mrs. Brooke, living on the Neck above Germania ford. I answered that I remembered her well; that I found them on the first day of January, 1864, starving to death. He said that the next day after I was ordered back to camp he was on the post nearest to Mrs. Brooke's house, and that her eldest daughter and son came and handed him a letter, asking that it be put over the river. After they left he read it (it was unsealed). He said it was directed to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va. After telling how I had helped her in her dire need, wound up the letter with about these words: "If Lieut. Samuel Harris should ever fall in your hands, do what you can for him, for my sake." After reading it he said he knew it would not do to give it to the officer that succeeded me, as he knew he was no friend of mine. So after he

was off duty he went down to the post at the ford and called to one of the men on the other side, telling him he had a letter he wanted to throw over and to have it forwarded as directed. After tying it to a stone with a strong string he had brought with him, he threw it over to the other side of the river. This was a revelation to me. I felt sure there was a direct connection between this letter and the young captain that had leaned over the side of the wagon in which I lay in Richmond (see page 87) and said, "Lieut. Harris, don't be scared, they are not going to hang you or hurt a hair of your head." The more I thought of it the more positive I felt that the two were closely connected, but how was I to solve the mystery. In a few days I returned to Washington, D. C., where I was living. I sought the help of some ex-rebel army officers with whom I was well acquainted, but soon found they could not help me. I did all in my power to locate this young captain, and also to find out who the two ladies were that waved their handkerchiefs at me, but all my efforts came to naught. I thought of writing to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, but felt that she as well as Mr. Davis were having so much trouble of their own that it would hardly be right for me to do so.

In the spring of 1891 I took my wife and daughter and went to Richmond (I was then, as now, living in Chicago), determined to locate the captain and two ladies, if possible. But I again met with utter failure, except that I found the name of the family who occupied the house from which the two ladies waved their handkerchiefs to me. This was a good thing for me, yet I returned to Chicago a good deal discouraged.

In the spring of 1895 I determined to try another plan. I sent the following advertisement to the Richmond Times, which appeared in its issue of Sunday, February 17, 1895 :

WANTED—Address of middle-aged lady or her daughter (name supposed to be Valentine) who lived opposite the Capitol Grounds in March, 1864, who sat near a window and waved her handkerchief at a wounded Federal officer who lay in a wagon under her window. Address Samuel Harris, 36 South Canal St., Chicago

I received the following letter in answer to the above:

RICHMOND, Feb. 18th, 1895.

MR. HARRIS, SIR —

Seeing your odd advertisement in the Times, reminded me of something that happened at that time. We had moved here from the North in 1860, my husband and self, young married people. In 1863, my husband bought a farm about thirty miles, from here, and in March, '64 I came to town to make some much needed purchases. Whilst in town I remained with a family named Meyer. The lady often accompanied me on my rounds. One day she wished to call and see a friend who was staying at the Valentine's. So we called and were shown to the lady's room; as she was in another part of the house at the time. We sat at the open window, it being mild weather, to wait for her. As we sat there we saw a sick or wounded soldier looking so badly that we both pitied him, and quietly waved our handkerchiefs to him as he lay in the wagon, and we both said that he would never see his home again, like oh! so many others. But now I suppose he must have lived. Of course I do not know if this is the incident you allude to; perhaps some other ladies might have waved their handkerchiefs also to the same man, nor can I guess why you advertise on the subject; but

when I saw the ad, it brought back that day to my mind so fresh, that I decided to write to you.

Yours respectfully,

MARGARET GARCIN,
2318 E. Broad St.

The following is my answer to the above letter:

Feb. 20, '95.

MRS. MARGARET GARCIN,
2318 East Broad St., Richmond, Va.

MADAM:—

Yours of the 18th at hand and I am glad to get it. I will answer the last of your letter first. You say you cannot imagine why I put that odd advertisement in the paper. I have spent a good deal of money and time to find these two ladies. I lay in the wagon condemned to be hung, as I was the first officer captured out of Col. Dahlgren's command. It was while I was lying in the wagon expecting to be hung in a few moments that the two ladies gave me sympathy, by the older one waving her hand, and the younger waving her handkerchief. That little act of sympathy has never been forgotten by me. I have been to Richmond once, and did my best to get track of them, but failed. My dear Madam, it would be impossible for you to begin to appreciate my feelings to have sympathy shown me at such a time. It almost seemed to me that two angels had dropped down from heaven, and I have thought of them a thousand times since. I shall start for Richmond as soon as I am able to travel, say about the 15th of March, to trace these ladies, and I think without doubt you are one of them. If you are the right one, I shall be glad to spend the time and money to take you by the hand and thank you for the act done thirty-one years ago. It was an act I never shall forget as long as I live.

Very sincerely,

SAMUEL HARRIS,
Late 1st Lieut. Co. A., 5th Mich. Cav.

About the 1st of April I started for Richmond by way of New York, where I bought some presents for Mrs. Garcin, if she should prove to be the younger of the two ladies I was seeking. Arriving at Richmond in the morning I went to Murphy's hotel, on Broad street. After breakfast I called a carriage and drove to No. 2316 East Broad street. In answer to the ring a very pleasant young lady came to the door. I asked her if Mrs. Margaret Garcin lived there. She said she did, and asked me to step in and take a seat in the parlor, and excusing herself for a moment said she would call her mother. She soon returned and said her mother would be in in a few moments. I asked her if she was a daughter of Mrs. Garcin. She said she was a daughter-in-law, the wife of Dr. Garcin—a son of Mrs. Garcin. I then gave my name as Lieut. Harris of Chicago. She said, "I thought it was you when I opened the door." At this moment Mrs. Garcin came in. I arose to greet her, and without any hesitation said, "You are the young lady that waved her handkerchief to me while I lay in the wagon. You have the same form, face, black eyes and black hair. I know you are the one." We sat down and talked about that day a little over thirty-one years ago. I had carried her likeness in my mind's eye all these years, and Mrs. Garcin was the perfect duplicate in every respect. I felt sure she was the young lady I was looking for. Then during our conversation she related several incidents that no other person would have known anything about, which removed any doubt as to her identity.

They both said they had all imagined I was a little

dried-up old man. They were very much surprised to see a six-footer, very much alive, full-blooded Yankee present himself as Lieut. Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Garcin and their son, Dr. Ramon D. Garcin, and wife live together. During an hour's very pleasant conversation, I learned that young Mrs. Garcin was formerly Miss Eddie Jackson of Charlottesville, Va., and that her father was own cousin to Gen. Jackson. I asked her if she could help me get copies of the Richmond papers of March, 1864. She said she was acquainted with the editor of each paper. Putting on her wraps we got into the carriage and drove to the office of the Despatch. The editor extended to her a very cordial greeting. She introduced me as her "Friend, Capt. Harris of Chicago." I had cautioned her beforehand not to say that I was one of the hated Dahlgren men. She then said that I wanted to see the files of the Despatch of March, 1864. He informed us that they were all burned in the conflagration of 1865; also that we would find files of all the papers that were saved in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth at the Capitol. It was past dinner hour, and to save time we drove to Murphy's hotel and got dinner, then direct to the Secretary's office, in the Capitol. While we were waiting for the elevator the Governor of Virginia came in, and seeing Mrs. Garcin extended to her a very warm greeting. Soon we were in the Secretary's office. He came forward immediately, extended his hand to Mrs. Garcin and said, "How do you do, Eddie? What brings you here?" She then introduced me as her "Friend, Capt. Harris,"

and said, "He wants to look over the files of the Richmond papers of March, 1864." He answered, "Certainly, you can have anything you want. Your friend must be all right or you would not be with him." He then called his assistant and directed him to render us all the aid he could. We were soon in the file room hunting over the papers for the articles relating to the Dahlgren raid. Mrs. Eddie Garcin was much interested in hunting for the articles. As we found such as I wanted copied, I marked them, the assistant secretary making typewritten copies of same, which are inserted in this book. Many thanks to Mrs. Eddie Garcin, formerly Miss Eddie Jackson, for her assistance in getting them. I doubt very much whether I should have been able to procure them without it. I took Mrs. Garcin to her home and drove back to the hotel. I was stopping at Murphy's hotel. I soon found that the proprietor had been an officer in the army. I found him and said, "Col. Murphy, I am told you were an officer in the army." He said, "Yes, I was an officer in the artillery." "Then you must have smelled powder?" "Yes, and plenty of it, and I see you were an officer in your army, and you must have smelled powder or you could not wear that button." (meaning the Loyal Legion button I wore). "Yes, I was an officer in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, and I have smelled some powder." I then told him I would like a few moments talk in private with him. We sat down in one corner of the room, and I told him my name and that I was the officer who led the charge at Green's farm on the Dahlgren raid, and that I was the

officer they were going to hang on the 4th of March, 1864. Col. Murphy said he was in Richmond that day and remembered the circumstances well, "But," he said, "I never knew why you were not hung." I told him that was one of the things that brought me to Richmond. I then told him about the young captain's visit to me as I lay in the wagon, and described him the best I could. I asked him if he could tell me who he was. The Colonel unhesitatingly said, "That was Capt Waller," and in proof said, "Capt. Waller was the only officer in the confederacy that could dress like that," and to give me further proof, he called to a gentleman standing near by, and introduced him as a major in a Virginia cavalry regiment. He described the captain and his clothes, and asked him who he thought it was. He answered quickly, "Capt. Waller, no other officer did or could dress like him." I asked Col. Murphy where I could find Capt. Waller. He answered that he had died two years before. Capt. Waller was the only man I knew of who could unravel the mystery, and to find he was not living was a big blow to my hopes. As a last hope I determined to interview Mrs. Jefferson Davis, but found she was living in New York City. Mrs. Margaret Garcin had invited me to take dinner with them. I went to their home early, taking her present with me. I spent a very pleasant time with them. Leaving early in the evening I went to my hotel, paid my bill, and left for Chicago on the evening train. Not long after my return, I received the following lines written by Mrs. Margaret Garcin, which are so appropriate that I insert them by her permission:

A SOLDIER OF '64.

Some years ago, when the Civil War
Divided North and South afar,
Arranged that all must wear a tear,
Oh! Sad the day, and sad the year.

Once upon a mild March day
Years ago, long years ago,
A soldier lay bound and doomed to be hung
Before the set of another sun.

How sad his heart—as he looked around,
And knew that his hands and feet were bound
In an enemy's land, in enemies hands,
Oh! Would that he could break his bonds.

But no, he was caught, the deed was done,
And he, the brave soldier, was now to be hung,
He thought of his parents, and thought of his home
And thought of himself. Oh! How forlorn.

To die in his youth, in his manhood gay,
And Oh! To die in this awful way.
Our Father in Heaven, forget him not quite,
But pity his weakness in thy might.

At length he glanced across the way,
And at a window standing,
Strange to relate, a sight he saw
That set his wits awandering.

A lady looked toward him
With pity in her eyes,
Alas! She thought, "my brothers both
Perhaps, are doomed to die "

She could but wave her 'kerchief,
Yet that was sympathy,
It filled his heart with faintest hope,
Indeed if not with glee.

But time passed on, he was not hung,
His pardon came ere set of sun,
But the lady's act was stored away
To be remembered many a day.

The war was o'er; time passed away,
And hearts that ached, again were gay,
And he whom fate had treated so
Made his home in Chicago.

He oft with grateful feeling
Thought of the one who waved
And showed her kindly feeling
When he was near his grave.

And thought he'd like to meet her
And take her by the hand,
To let her know that he was
Still living in the land.

The years rolled on till thirty passed,
Yes, thirty-one and more
Ere he saw the lady who waved to him
The day when his heart was sore.

The soldier went to Richmond
In the year '95
And there he found the lady
Who was both brisk and alive.

He told her that he never
As long as life would last,
Could he forget the little act
She done long in the past.

His grateful feelings found a vent
In giving her a present,
It was a bowl for berries meant
And three saucers made of crystal.

In about a month after my return from Richmond, Va., I had my business so arranged that I could leave for a short time. I went to New York to see Mrs. Jefferson Davis. I was quite doubtful whether she would receive me, being an entire stranger to her, unless accompanied by some personal friend of hers. I went to Col. Fred. Grant and laid my case before him as briefly as possible, and asked him to go with me as I knew the Grants and Mrs. Davis were warm personal friends. He said he would go in a moment if Mrs. Davis was in New York, but that she was at Narragansett Pier, and that he could not spare the time to go there with me; but he gave me a letter to Mrs. Davis which he thought would give me a favorable reception by her.

The following is a copy of his letter :

NEW YORK, Sept. 3 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS—

The bearer, Lieut. Sam'l Harris, is very anxious to learn something upon a matter which, in my opinion, is so creditable to your kindness of heart, that I have advised him to call upon you in person.

I trust, my dear Madam, that you will receive him.

I am, my dear Mrs. Davis,

Respectfully your friend,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Armed with this, I left the next morning for the pier, where I arrived about four o'clock in the evening. I sent my card up to Mrs. Davis. Soon her maid came down, saying Mrs. Davis was not in her room. I asked her to please find Mrs. Davis, and say to her that I had come over twelve hundred miles to see her. Soon

Mrs. Davis came down to the general reception room. After introducing myself to her, I said I had come all the way from Chicago to thank her for a kind act she had done me during the war. "What did I ever do for you?" she asked. "Mrs. Davis, I have no doubt but that you saved me from being hung." "Why, when was that?" she quickly answered. I then told her I was the first officer captured from the Dahlgren raid, and was sentenced by a court martial to be hung in Richmond on the 4th of March, 1864, and that I felt sure she saved me. She asked, "O, are you one of those horrid Dahlgren men that was going to kill Mr. Davis and all his cabinet?" "No, Mrs. Davis," I said, "you are mistaken. Do I look as though I would kill anybody now?" She burst out laughing and said, "What a question to ask; of course you don't." I said, "I would do it now just as quick as I would then." At this time I handed her the letter from Col. Grant. She adjusted her specks and read it. Turning to me she said, "Then you are a friend of the Grants." I replied, "hardly in the way you mean. I am only an army friend of the Colonel's, and felt at perfect liberty to go to him for a letter of introduction." This letter placed me in a more favorable light with Mrs. Davis, and we had a very pleasant hour's conversation, mostly trying to directly connect her with my not being hung. I told her about Mrs. Brooke, how I had found them starving and helped them, and that Mrs. Brooke had told me she had been at school with her in Philadelphia, and about the letter one of my men said he had put over the river directed

to her, and also about Capt. Waller coming to me. In answer to my statement she said: "I did go to school in Philadelphia for three years when a young lady," and that one of her most intimate friends, and part of the time her room-mate, was a young lady from Virginia, but she could not recall her name, nor could she place her as Mrs. Brooke. She said that Capt. Waller was on Mr. Davis' staff, and without doubt it was he that came to me; also that Capt. Waller was her brother-in-law, having married her youngest sister. I said to Mrs. Davis that she had proven beyond any doubt in my mind the direct connection between the letter that Mrs. Brooke had written to her and which one of my men had put across the river, and Capt. Waller coming to me as he did, and I was equally sure that Capt. Waller was sent through her influence, and that I was now positive it was she who saved my life. She answered, "Capt. Harris, it looks as though your conclusions were correct. When you get home if you will write me fully about Mrs. Brooke and Capt. Waller, and send me the maiden name of Mrs. Brooke, I think I can recall most, if not all, the facts." She said, "You must remember that it is over thirty years since this happened, and I have passed through a great deal of trouble." I bade her good-bye and taking the next train returned to Chicago, feeling that I had solved the mystery of what, and who, saved me from being hung. I immediately set to work trying to find Mrs. Brooke or some of her family. I wrote to every postmaster within twenty-five miles of Germania Ford. I received an answer from the post-

master at Culpepper, Va., saying that a daughter of Mrs. Brooke was the wife of John C. Wise, Surgeon U. S. Navy, stationed at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. I immediately wrote to him and soon received an answer, dated October 5th, 1895, stating that Mrs. Brooks had died in the year 1888, and that her maiden name was Maria Ashby, daughter of Capt. John Ashby and cousin to Gen. Turner Ashby.

October 15th, 1895, I wrote Mrs. Davis, giving her a concise statement about Mrs. Brooke, the letter, and Capt. Waller. I also enclosed a copy of letter from Dr. Wise.

About the 20th of November I went to New York. Calling on Mrs. Davis I found her in her sitting room with my letter before her to be answered. We talked over all the circumstances. Mrs. Davis said my letter had brought back to her memory many of the incidents related in it. She well remembered Miss Maria Ashby as her school-friend from Virginia, and had an indistinct recollection of receiving the letter from her, referred to as being put over the river by one of my men. She had recalled the incidents of the 4th of March, 1864, very distinctly. I will give them as stated to me by her. She said the day was very warm, and they had the doors and windows all open in the house; that Mr. Davis had his presidential office in the house, and that her sitting room was directly across the hall; while she was sitting there Capt. Waller came in quite excitedly and said, "Mr. President, they are going to hang a Yankee officer down at the capitol." "Why are they going to hang him?" "He is the first officer they have

captured from the Dahlgren raiders." "Do you know who he is?" "I understand his name is Harris, from a Michigan regiment." Mrs. Davis heard the name and stepped across the hall into the office and said, "Mr. Davis, that may be our friend, Lieut. Samuel Harris, of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry; if so we don't want him hung." "No," said Mr. Davis. Mrs. Davis then said, "Captain, you go right down and find out if it is Lieut. Harris, and if so, tell them not to hang him until they have orders from Mr. Davis." Mrs. Davis said that in a very few moments after Capt. Waller had left them, another staff officer came in with the same statement. Mrs. Davis told him they had just sent Capt. Waller down to stop it, "but you go down as quick as you can for fear Capt. Waller won't get there in time; run as fast as you can." Capt. Waller reached me in time to save me from being hung. (See page 86). Many thanks to Mrs. Davis, for there is no possible doubt but for her prompt intervention I should have been hung. Nor is there any more doubt but that her interest in me was caused by the letter written by Mrs. Brooke (Miss Maria Ashby), telling how I had saved her and her children from starving.

I spent a very pleasant hour with Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, or better known as "The Daughter of the Confederacy." They both requested me to come back and take dinner with them. I returned at the appointed time and had a very enjoyable hour at dinner. Afterwards we adjourned to their parlor. I had never before seen as much of Miss Winnie. I found her one of the most accomplished

young ladies I had ever met. Well-read in all the sound literature of the day, and a student in ancient history, and though not a student in astronomy, she was better versed in it than any lady I have ever met. During our talk Mrs. Davis, speaking quite earnestly, said: "Capt. Harris, during the war I helped a good many of both our own and your people, and you are the only one that has ever returned to thank me for it." I remarked that "a long time ago there were ten lepers cleansed, but only one returned to give thanks, and he was a Samaritan, and I a Yankee."

I cannot close this part of my reminiscence without recording my thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, to Miss Seddon and to the surgeon of Libby Prison for the part each took in my defense and in saving my life; and also to Mrs. Garcin for the kind sympathy she showed me.

(NOTE—I learned at Richmond that Miss Seddon died about the year 1870.)

I here insert a letter received from Mrs. A. P. Davis, who was the eldest child of Mrs. Brooke, and the little girl that opened the door for me on the morning of January 1st, 1864:

GLOUCESTER, VA., June 5th, '95.

MR. SAMUEL HARRIS—

I am in receipt of a letter from Dr. Jno. C. Wise, enclosing your letter to him. I waited before answering to see my brother, but he, like myself, could only remember that a kind officer sent us food when we were starving. As you mention everything so accurately, there is no doubt in my mind about your being the kind officer who sent us beef and bread at the time we so much needed it, and had my dear mother lived

she could have told us much that we wished to know; but she has been in heaven for eight years. My brother soon followed her, and the rest of the children hardly know anything of the war. I feel satisfied that you must be the officer who fed and was kind to us, and will always feel grateful, and should you visit our state would be truly glad to meet and entertain you or any of your family. Soon after your kindness to us I was sent away to school and did not return home until the war was ended. The next year we moved from the county and I have never been back to the scene of our trials.

With sincere gratitude for your past kindness to myself any family, and best wishes for yourself, wife and children,

Yours most sincerely,

MRS. A. P. DAVIS.

I have given most of the incidents in prison at Libby from Friday, the day I was taken there, until Monday noon, the 7th of March, 1864. The surgeon continued to be my friend and protector. I think he did all he could for me. My wound improved rapidly, and in the course of ten days I was able to sit up awhile each day. By this time the surgeon gave me almost positive assurance that I would live through it. After this my convalescence was quite rapid. Major Turner issued orders that no prisoners should be allowed to look out of any window. He even went so far as to place guards across the street and if they could see a Yankee at any of the windows to shoot him. He put quite a number in the dungeons in the basement simply to gratify his brutality. Among the prisoners in the hospital was the lieutenant-colonel of General Grant's old regiment. He was about fifty years old and quite feeble. He had

been a congregational minister before the war. Another prisoner was a young lieutenant from Ohio. He had been a universalist minister, and was of a very combative disposition and could not stand any opposition to his pet theory of universal salvation. The two ex-ministers used to have very hot discussions, much to the amusement of all the rest of us. One day the young lieutenant came up to me and began by saying, "I understand you are one of these hell-fire men." I said I was a member of the congregational church and their belief was mine. He went on talking so fast that I could not get in a word edgewise. By this time a large number of the officers had gathered about us. I said, "I want to ask a question." "Certainly." "You say you believe all men will go to heaven." "Yes, there is no doubt of it in my mind." "Then you believe that Major Turner, Dick Turner and La Touche will go to heaven." Raising himself to his full height he brought down his hand with a vengeance and said, "No, if God Almighty hasn't got a hell I hope he will make one specially for those three devils." There was a general shout from all of the officers about us. No matter what their religious belief was they were all glad to have the bumptious and loud-mouthed lieutenant squelched. We heard no more religious discussions while in prison.

The rations given to the well prisoners were bad enough, but when such rations were given to the *sick* and *wounded* it became a *damnable* and *hellish* act; and much more so for the reason that there was no excuse for it. While we were confined in the prisons of Rich-

mond, our government offered to furnish rations and clothing for all of us, but the brutal Gen. Winder, the rebel commissary general of prisoners, would not allow it. Then the friends of the prisoners sent thousands of boxes of food and clothing, not one in a thousand of which ever reached the ones they were sent to. Most of them were appropriated by the infamous Gen. Winder, Major Turner, Dick Turner and La Touche. The proof of this is incontestible. The rations furnished us in the hospital was one pound of corn bread made of meal ground corn and cob together. It was mixed up with water with no salt in it, and even was not half baked. None but a brute of a man would feed his hogs on such food. The only way we could eat it was to pulverize it, and get out all the cob possible, then bake it over. At least half of it we would burn and make corn coffee from it. Besides this corn bread, we were given one-half pound of beef twice a week, but such beef; it smelled so strong of garlic that it was repulsive even to us who were half starved. The only way we could get the intense stink out of it was to cut it up in small pieces and soak it in water over night; then we would boil it about four hours. Even then a cur-dog would turn from it in disgust. But we were compelled to eat it or starve. One day was like all the rest in Libby Prison. Every day the rebs sent in several colored men to carry out the offal. Each one of these was accompanied by a rebel soldier to keep him from talking to any of the prisoners. But the Yankee and cunning colored man was too much for them. Two or three Yankees would get around the soldier and show

him some trinket they had made or some trick in cards, keeping his back to the colored man, while he would tell some other Yankee all the news he had heard. There were about twenty-five hundred prisoners confined in Libby at this time, some from all arms and professions in life. One who was a signal officer in our army, got up a code of his own. He asked one of the colored men if he knew of any white woman that kept a house whose window could be seen from the windows of Libby. "Laws, massa, I knows Mrs. Green, who keeps the biggest house (of prostitution) in Richmond, and you can see her back windows from any of these." The officer send a line to Mrs. Green by the colored man, and she answered that she would learn the code and signal all the news. She kept her word, and as long as we were in Libby we were quite well informed of what was going on in the outer world. Mrs. Green did this at great risk of her liberty and even of her life, if it had been found out by the rebs.

She was remembered by those high in authority, and immediately upon the evacuation of Richmond she was sent to Washington and given a clerkship in one of the departments which she kept until her death.

Soon after the first of May we were ordered to get ready to be moved south. We soon learned that Gen. Grant had crossed the Rapidan and there was heavy fighting in the Wilderness. We were moved south to make room for fresh prisoners. We were taken as far as Danville, Va., where we were kept in old tobacco warehouses so crowded that it was almost impossible for all to lie down at the same time. It

was evident we were not to be kept there long. After about ten days we were marched to the railroad and taken further south. We were stopped at Augusta, Ga. We were kept here about two days. It was said that the good people of Augusta did not want our company for fear of contamination by the Yankees. So after a very short stay in the cars we were sent on to Macon, Ga. During the journey my old diarrhoea came back to me with redoubled force, mostly caused by poor rations and bad water given us to drink. When we reached Macon I was too weak to walk to the stockade or the prison grounds. The guard pressed into service a man driving a pair of old mules and a lumber wagon. Placing me in this, I was driven to the Georgia State fair grounds and put into one of the old buildings and laid on the floor, which was not a very soft bed for one as sick as I was. That night my diarrhoea turned into the bloody flux. Several of my friends came around to see me that night. None of them expected to see me alive in the morning. I slept quite well during the night and woke up in the morning much refreshed. Lieut. Dean of my regiment came to see me. He had three opium pills which he gave me, cautioning me to only take one then, one at noon and one at night. After he had gone I looked at the pills and thought if one would do me any good three would do me more good, so opening my mouth down went all three pills, each as large as a small pea. Soon after this a very pleasant rebel sergeant came by where I lay. I called to him and he asked very pleasantly, "What can I do for you?" I answered

that I had a very bad case of diarrhœa, but that if I could get five pounds of wheat flour I could cure myself. He answered quickly, "you shall have the flour if I can get it." Out he went, but very soon returned, having on a big heavy overcoat, with side pockets like saddle bags. Coming close to me and looking all about to see that no rebs could see him, he pulled out of his spacious pocket a large package of flour and laid it down on the floor by me. I thanked him for his kindness and offered him a ten dollar confederate bill. He declined the bill, saying, "You will need that yourself; I only hope the flour will cure you." Many thanks to my unknown friend.

Soon after this, one of our officers came by with some cold water from the spring and gave me a cupful. I poured three or four spoonful in another cup, and taking a large spoonful of flour, stirred it together and drank it. This I repeated every five or ten minutes during the forenoon. Not long after this, an officer came along that I was well acquainted with, and I asked him to take some of the flour and make me some porridge. I well remember how good it tasted even without salt. All doctors laugh at my flour cure. I reasoned then that the lining of my stomach and intestines was inflamed by the vile contents, and if I could only paint them over with flour paste I would get well. I only thought of it as a mechanical process. One thing is sure, I lived, and five or six other officers that had the diarrhœa at the same time and did not use flour, died. From the time we left Richmond until about two weeks after arriving at Macon, we were under

the command of Captain Semple. The best description I can give of him is to refer the reader to the story of "Simple Simon." He was a nonentity in every respect. He was soon relieved of command by Capt. Winder, who was a brute by instinct and birth. Soon after we arrived at Macon, a large amount of lumber was sent in to prison, and our officers set to work and built four large sheds with steep board roofs. The sides and ends were left open. Rows of bunks were built well up to the roof. No straw or bedding was given us, not even for the sick or wounded. In a few days new prisoners were brought in. The moment the gate opened to admit them some of the old prisoners would holler at the top of their voices, "Fresh fish." This would be taken up by all the rest and a grand rush would be made for the gate. The first impression of a new prisoner was that he had fallen in with a lot of half civilized Indians. We were all unshaved, with long hair, unwashed and half naked. Few who had been in prison over six months had clothing sufficient to cover their nakedness. Most were bare-footed. Those who had pants would turn them each day. The reason for this was too many body lice, as large as a grain of wheat. One day, Capt. Jacob L. Green, assistant adjutant general of our brigade, was brought in. I heard them hollering "Custer's men." I immediately made my way to the gate, the crowd cheerfully giving way for me. There I found Capt. Green, a most woe-be-gone and forlorn looking person. He was glad to see one face he knew. I took him to where I slept, and asked him if he was hungry. He said hunger was

no name for it. I told him to sit down on the floor while I got him some dinner. I went out and baked him a half dozen corn cakes, and carried them in to him on an old piece of sheet iron, the only plate I had. Setting these down before him on the floor, I invited him to eat. He looked at the cakes, then at me, and bursting out crying, asked, "Lieut. Harris, has it come to this?" I answered, "Yes, Captain, you are lucky to get that. If I was a well man, with a fair appetite, I would not have had that left from my dinner." He soon became accustomed to the rations. There were from 2,500 to 3,000 officers confined here. It must be borne in mind that the enlisted men were confined in another prison at Andersonville, Ga. Among our officers were men from every profession and walk in life. Among them were several fine actors. They organized a company and frequently entertained us with theatricals from burlesque to Shakespeare. There was a quartet of the finest singers who frequently entertained us evenings. Sometimes a thousand voices would join in the chorus. There was also a string band of several pieces that would discourse music seldom heard even in the best concerts. Among our number were several of the best orators living, which we would press into service. All of these relieved the tedium of our confinement and made us forget our poor rations. Among us were several expert penmen. They made a good many greenback bills of five and ten dollars each. They were so cleverly done that they passed them off on the rebel guards in exchange for tobacco and other things they could bring in camp in their pockets.

While at Macon we used to sweep the whole camp every day with brooms made of brush which the rebs furnished us. This dirt was carried out of camp in carts drawn by small mules, each mule having a darkey rider and a reb soldier to guard him. But the Yankee was too cunning for him. A few of us thought one of our number ought to go out with each cart. So we asked the darkey to bring in some elder brush about three-quarters of one inch in diameter. We punched out the pith and cut it off in lengths of about eighteen inches. We then carried the dirt we had swept up into piles large enough to fill the cart to its full capacity. When the cart would back up to one of the piles a half-dozen or more officers would get around the dirt and throw it into each others faces, and make such a dust that the guards on the stockade could not see what was going on. While this was going on, an officer that wanted to try his chance to escape would crawl into the cart, and placing a piece of the elder in his mouth to breathe through, other officers would shovel the dirt all over him, filling the cart to its brim. One of the officers would slyly tell the darkey to go out in the woods to dump this load, and to drive back by a house (of prostitution) and tell some of the girls to go there after dark and get the Yankee. No matter whether he told a white or colored girl, they would go and get the Yankee and start him on the road towards our lines. In this way several of our men escaped, and many more would have gone out in the same way if a majority of our committee on escape had not allowed a very young officer to go out. Two or three of us protested very

strongly against it as we did not think he would use good judgment. It proved as we thought. In a few days he was recaptured, and was fool enough to brag how he escaped from prison. Of course our scheme was up. No more officers could get out that way. Our rations here were better and more of them than we had when in Libby, yet they were by no means what they should have been. A day's rations to each man was supposed to be a pint of corn meal, a tablespoonful of poor rice, a tablespoonful of burnt sorghum, and three days in the week two ounces of bacon. The bacon was always full of maggots. One day I sat on the ground by a fire with several other officers cooking our dinner of corn cakes and broiling our bacon. A very large maggot came up on top of my piece. It was about half an inch long and about an eighth in diameter. As it came out it curled up and jumped about four inches high. I hollered out: "I will bet my maggot can jump higher than anyone in camp." This was taken up and hollered all over camp that the "Dahlgren raider has got the biggest maggot in prison." Soon there was a big crowd about us; anything for a diversion. After cooking the bacon of one side we would scrape the maggots off the top and turn it over. When done we would eat it, maggots and all, with a hearty, good relish. Much more so than any of us can now eat chicken pie or roast turkey. We were very hungry then.

One day a rebel lieutenant and three or four of his men were standing near me at roll call. They got into a dispute whether Lee or Grant was their general.

They agreed to leave it to me. The lieutenant asked me which one was their general. I said "General Grant is your general." He then turned to his men and said, "There, I told you so." Then turning to me said, "Yank, if you had General Grant on your side you would have licked us long ago."

The terms "mush eater" and "puddin' head" originated among us here in Macon. Neither was intended to be an insult to any person; yet there were a few who resented it very much. One new prisoner, who was over six feet and a very powerful man, said he would kill anyone that would call him a "puddin' head." The boys almost worried the life out of him. Col. Hawkins, colonel of a Tennessee cavalry regiment, was brought in prison, together with his son and several other of his officers. Col. Hawkins became very despondent. One day his son came and wanted me to go and rouse him up. I was willing to go provided he would protect me from his father, as I was hardly able to walk about. He promised to see that no harm came to me. I then went to Col. Hawkins' bunk and had a few moments pleasant conversation with him, trying to reason him out of his despondency, and tried to show him that his feelings were only an injury to himself and to other officers. His only answer was that we would all die before we were exchanged. I laughed at him, but all to no avail in rousing him up. As a last resort I taunted him on being captured without being wounded. His hot Southern blood resented this, and jumping from his bunk made for me with a vengeance, threatening to

mop the camp up with me. His son and two or three other officers from his regiment, who were posted as to what I was doing, kept between us. I flourished my fist at him with all my strength, telling him to come on, I could lick him with one hand. This went on several minutes, when all of us burst out laughing. The colonel was quick-witted, and turning to his son asked, "What does this mean?" He told him they had got Lieut. Harris to come and rouse him up and "he has succeeded." Hawkins saw through it in an instant and joined us in a hearty laugh at his expense. He came forward and extending his hand, thanked me for curing him. After this I had no better friends in prison, or those who would do more for me, than Col. Hawkins and son, as well as other officers of his regiment. We both lived to be exchanged.

Two or three years after this he was elected a member of Congress from his district. One day while in conversation with some members from Michigan my name was mentioned. He asked if I was a Dahlgren raider. On being informed that I was the person, he inquired where I lived, and immediately took his hat and coat and left for my house. My wife and self were sitting in our parlor when a loud knock came at the door, and then opening it and stepping in, seeing me, said: "Lieut. Harris, you saved my life at Macon. I just found you out and came right up to thank you again for it." We had supper and spent a very pleasant evening together, talking over old prison and war times. During his term we spent many a pleasant hour together, both at my house and his rooms. Capt.

Green in some way procured a razor and shaved me several times. I tried to shave him one day. He hollered like a loon, saying I was pulling all the hair out of his face. I concluded I was not a success as a barber.

Lieut. Davis relieved Capt. Winder in command of the prison. Davis was a gentleman and a brave man. He gave us better rations and more of them ; nor would he allow the sentinels to fire at a prisoner because he was near the dead line. His administration was a perfect contrast to that of the brute, Capt. Winder. Lieut. Davis resigned, after being with us about two weeks, to act as a spy for the rebels in the west. He told some of our officers what he proposed to do. They tried to dissuade him from doing so. Davis was relieved by Col. Gibbs, a North Carolinian, who proved to be an excellent man in every respect. He came in prison every day to talk with our senior officer, and kindly listening to any complaint we had to make through him. He remedied all just complaints as far as possible.

In the spring of 1866 I was walking by the National hotel, on the corner of Pennsylvania ave. and Sixth st., Washington, and saw Col. Gibbs on the porch. I went up to him and extending my hand, said: "How do you do, Col. Gibbs." He was quite uneasy and said, "I cannot recall you." I answered, "I presume not ;" that likely I looked very different from what I did when he saw me last. I told him I was one of the prisoners at Macon, of which he had command. This made him still more uneasy, but I soon put him at ease by telling him that any of the old prisoners would be

glad to see him. He informed me that he was left penniless after the war, and that he did not have a dollar in his pocket. His expenses to and from Washington were paid by the Government. I told a lot of the ex-prisoners about him, and we had a meeting at my office and raised him quite a little sum of money, and one among us who was well acquainted with President Johnson, going to him, secured a full pardon for Col. Gibbs. Several of us went over to the hotel and presented the pardon and purse to him. He was very much surprised and gratified to receive them from those, who but a short time before, were his enemies. He was completely overcome and unable to speak for a few moments. He thanked us for both the pardon and purse, saying, that he prized them highly, coming from us.

It may be interesting to the reader to know what became of Lieut. Davis. After leaving Macon, he went to Gen. Hood as a spy. In the spring of 1865, he was captured inside our lines and condemned by a court martial to be hung. One morning, just after I had reached my office, an ex-prisoner rushed in with a paper and said to me, "read that." It was a short article, telling that a man by the name of Lieut. Davis was to be hung at noon as a spy in Knoxville, Tenn. We both went as fast as possible to find an ex-prisoner who was acquainted with President Johnson. He went immediately to the White House and laid the case before the president, who called his telegraph operator and told him to get the operator in Knoxville as soon as possible, and tell the commanding officer there not

to hang Lieut. Davis. Soon an answer came that his telegram reached him too late, that he was hung fifteen minutes before. All old prisoners expressed regret at the outcome, but we had done all we could to save him.

After being confined in Macon, Ga., for about two months, we were divided up in squads of about six hundred and sent away. I was in squad number one, which was sent to Savannah, Ga. The other two squads were sent to Charleston, S. C. On the road to Savannah, our train had to lay over some time on a siding, waiting for another train to pass us. While here we were allowed to get out of the cars and walk about within a few feet of them. They also allowed us to buy watermelons of the darkies; the melons were the largest and finest I ever saw. The next day we arrived in Savannah and were marched out about two miles and put in the yard of the Marine hospital. Here we were turned over to the command of a large company of men called "The Marion Guards." Each member was a direct descendant of one of Gen. Marion's men. Their ages were at least seventy years down to about eighteen years. The captain was a very pleasant looking man, fully seventy years old, short, thick set, with white hair. Soon after he took command we began to holler, "Rations, where are our rations?" This brought the captain into camp very quickly to find out what we meant. We told him that we had no rations and had nothing to eat that day. He said he would do all he could for us. Calling all his men together he told them our situation and asked them, all who were not on post, to go home and bring all they could spare for us to

eat. In about an hour eatables began to be brought in. Each one brought what he had on hand; bread, cake, pies, preserves, pickles, etc. Thanks to the good people of Savannah, and especially to the Marion Guards, we had a good supper. The next day the captain procured a quantity of rice and sent it to us. The captain, his officers and men were all good soldiers, and every one of them gentlemen. While they were with us not a gun was fired, and we began to feel safe. One day the captain came into the prison and asked if we would like some reading matter. We said it would be a great luxury to us. That evening a wagon was driven into prison well filled with magazines, books and papers. I got hold of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and read it through several times. They were all passed from one to another, and sometimes we would get a good reader to read aloud; he was always sure of a good audience. They were with us only about a week when they were relieved by a part of the Second Georgia regulars under the command of Maj. Wayne. This regiment had been to the front for some time and was sent to guard us that they might have time to recruit. Maj. Wayne was a very rough man. He always left a blue streak of profanity behind him, yet for all that he had a big heart in him. Without doubt he was a brave man, as he had been in many battles and bore a good name with the officers and men of his regiment. He procured tents for us, and gave us more and better rations than we had before or afterwards while we were in prison. I asked of him the privilege of buying and selling a few articles in prison, such as

cigars, cakes, bread, writing paper, etc. He even brought in one of his lieutenants and directed him to buy such things for me at the best possible price. I made a few dollars in this way, which enabled me to get a few things I very much needed in my weak condition.

We were kept here in prison about six weeks, when very much to our regret we were taken by rail to Charleston, S. C., and put in the jail yard. We found that all the other prisoners we had left behind in Macon had been brought direct to Charleston. We were all taken there to keep our folks from firing on the city from the Swamp Angel Battery. Quite a number of our boys thought we were going to be exchanged very soon. They were much disappointed that we were not. Capt. Sprague, an officer in the First Michigan Cavalry, gave up to a feeling of despondency. One day I was walking by the jail and saw him sitting on the ground leaning against the wall with his face laying on his knees, the worst picture of despair I ever saw. I tried my best to rouse him up; so did others, but all to no use. The second day after this he died. A perfect example of the power of the mind over the body.

Few shells were fired into the city during the day-time, but as soon as it came night they would begin firing, and many times there would be three or four in sight at one time. Most of them were fuse shell and each would leave a streak of sparks behind it similar to a large sky-rocket. They were a beautiful sight. The shells were from eight to twelve inches in diameter and about two feet long. They were fired at an angle of

more than twenty-two degrees. They would be fully one mile high before they would turn to come down. One starlight night I lay on my back watching them, when one looked as though it was coming directly at me. I jumped up and ran several feet, when I stopped and thought, "What a fool I am to try to get out of the way in so small a place." I looked up and saw the shell go directly over us, yet high up in the air. It struck over a mile beyond us. I went back and laid down on my side so I could not see them, and then went to sleep. One day several of us were sitting under a small locust tree in one corner of the yard playing cards, when a shell came over a little to our left, but the fuse being cut several seconds too short, it exploded when it was about three hundred feet in the air. A piece of it about as large as two hands came over and cut the body of the tree off just above our heads. We scratched out on all fours to get out of the way.

One day I was standing near a door leading into the jail. A reb soldier was standing guard at the door to keep us out. A colored boy, about fifteen years old, who was errand boy to the jailer came down the hall and looked out of the door. The guard ordered him to go back. The boy started to go and had got to the foot of the stairs about ten feet from the door, when the guard drew up his gun and deliberately shot the boy through the lungs. He gave one cry and fell to the floor dead. The reason the guard gave for killing him was he claimed the boy laughed when he told him to go back. The guard was relieved from post, but was exonerated by the authorities for killing the boy, --

cause he said the nigger laughed at him. This man, or rather brute, was placed on the same post in the afternoon. We immediately called the officer of the guard and requested him to remove that man from guard in our camp, as we were afraid he would kill a Yankee as quick as he would a nigger if he imagined any of us were laughing at him. The officer respected our wishes and removed him from amongst or even about us, as we saw no more of him during our stay in the jail yard.

Our rations were fair, and the officers and men on guard over us were generally kind. We were kept in Charleston about three weeks, when we were taken by cars to Columbia, S. C., where we arrived about the 10th of October. We were kept a few hours in a large vacant lot adjoining a large warehouse which was filled with bacon. The windows were all open and all well barred, but our boys were hungry and here in plain sight was plenty to eat. They soon found some sticks about six feet long, and driving a nail through one end as a hook, soon drew out quite a number of pieces of bacon before they were discovered by the guard. We were immediately moved to another part of the town to a large vacant lot. We were kept here until the next afternoon.

In the morning Lieut. Parker, of the Eleventh Vermont Infantry, was brought into our camp all torn to pieces by blood hounds. He, together with two other of our officers, had jumped from the cars when we were not many miles from Columbia. A large pack of hounds were set upon their track. Parker was over six feet high and a most perfect built man. His two

companions were small in stature. Parker helped both his comrades to climb trees out of the dogs' reach, but before he could climb up out of their way the dogs were on him. There were so many he could not fight them all off. They literally tore him to pieces; so much so that he died the same day he was brought back to prison. The brutes of men in charge of the dogs stood by and gloated to see him torn to pieces.

The next day we were marched out about three miles from the city on top of a hill to camp. A line was laid out for the guard line, and an imaginary line twenty feet inside the guard line was called the dead line. Soon after, there was a very hard, cold rain for several days. We had nothing to shelter us from the storm. It was hard for the well men to stand it and much more so for me. Most of the able-bodied men dug down in the ground about four feet, and covering the hole with sticks, then covering them with dirt, had a dry and very comfortable place to sleep in. Some of these dug-outs would not be over two feet wide by six or seven feet long, just large enough for one man to crawl into, but most of them would be wide enough for three or four to crawl into and lay down. I remember one made by several officers from Vermont that was called the "Palace." The roof had quite a pitch to it, so a man could stand upright in the center. They had a fire-place in it to cook by and to keep warm. It was large enough so eight or ten could lie down on the floor at one time. I was still suffering from my wound and could not use my left arm at all, so it was impossible for me to fix up any shelter for myself. There

was a small pine tree about ten feet high with a heavy foliage on it. I made my home under this; it kept off some of the rain and sleet, but was no protection from the cold November blasts which swept over the camp.

About twenty feet from me was a mess of five or six officers, one of whom had been taken violently sick. The surgeon in charge had him taken out of camp and put in a tent he had pitched some ways from the prison. The next day, the surgeon, Dr. La Groon, came in camp and asked some of his fellow messmates to go out and take care of him, telling them he had a very bad case of yellow fever. They all refused to go out and care for him. Dr. La Groon was very angry, and justly so, and said: "You cannot expect us to detail any of our men to care for your sick." As he came back by me I asked him what the trouble was. He said there was three of our officers out in a tent dying with yellow fever, and he could not get any of our men to go out and care for them. I said to him, "Doctor, I am very badly wounded and cannot use my left arm, but I will go out and do all I can for them on one condition." His face brightened up and asked me what was that. I answered, "that you will take care of me;" as I well knew I would catch the fever from them. He promptly answered, "I will do it." He took me out of the prison camp and to the hospital tent in the field. I there found three of our officers very low. All I could do was to give them medicine and water to wet their mouths. That night they were all taken with the black vomit. All three died the next morning.

Several of our officers were allowed to come out of the prison camp, and we burried them at sunset under a persimmon tree near by. That evening Dr. La Groon sent for me to come to his tent, and said that without doubt I would have the yellow fever, and described the first symptoms, and also told me to come to him immediately, and above all things not to get scared. He took me to a tent near his and told me to lie there that night. In the middle of the night I woke up with the very symptoms he had told me of. I went to his tent and roused him up. He gave me a big tablespoonful of white medicine, which I supposed was calomel; at any rate it physiced me so hard that I thought my toe nails would come off. About noon Dr. La Groon came in to see how I was. He said, "You are all safe now; lie still two or three days and you will be all right." The latter remark was superflous, for I was too sick to care to move, and too weak from the effects of the physic to get up if I wanted to. In a few days I was up and about. One day Dr. La Groon said to me, "Lieut. Harris, you are just the man I want to put in charge of the Yankee hospital." This consisted of a large tent with a lot of straw on the ground to lie on. It was a great luxury to me. The hospital was just across the road from the prison camp, and not more than ten rods from post number one, which was the entrance to prison. The road that passed by the camp, and hospital was the only one from Columbia to Saluda factory. This was a cotton factory, making cloth for the confederate army, and was burned soon after this by Gen. Sherman. Dr. La Groon gave

me the privilege of walking over to the factory at any time.

One day I went over and as I was walking along the street a woman opened the blinds of her window slightly and asked me who I was. I told her I was a Yankee prisoner. She hardly believed me until I showed her I was wounded, and assured her that I was in the hospital. She then invited me to come in. I stepped inside the door which she was very careful to close after me. She sent her little girl out to ask in several other women, saying to her not to let any one else know who was in the house. She then told me that herself and each of the women she had invited in to see me were good Union women.

I spent a very pleasant two hours or more with them. They each contributed a little, and set before me a better dinner than I had eaten for a long time. The husband of each had been compelled to enter the rebel army; part were killed. One woman said she had not heard from her husband for over six months.

As I was about to leave, one got a pair of cotton pants, another a pair of men's shoes and gave me. I bade them, and a dozen little children, good-bye. with many thanks for the pants and shoes, and returned to the hospital tent. I tried on the pants and found them too short at both ends by at least six inches, and too small around by about three inches. The man that wore them before me must have been short and mighty thin; however, I tied them together in front with strings. They were much better than the ones I had, as my old ones had a tremendous big hole

in the nether end of them, and I was very much afraid the lower part would drop off just when it would be very embarrassing, and what made it still worse for me one of my coattails was shot off in the same engagement in which I was wounded. The cotton pants was a valuable addition to my scanty wardrobe. Thanks to the good woman who gave them to me, for I have no doubt she saw the necessity of my having them. However, I kept all the women in front of me as much as possible, and when I left the house I backed out and kept on backing until they closed the door. The shoes were too small for me and I gave them to another officer that could wear them.

One evening, not long after this, two of the rebel officers came to the hospital and wanted me to go with them over to the factory to a public dance. They said they wanted to show the folks over there a "real live Yankee." I went with them and enjoyed it very much. I could not dance, and if I had known how it would not have been safe for me to have done so, as it would have aroused the envy of others there.

A few evenings after this, the same officers came to me again saying that some of the young women at the factory had arranged for a private dance at one of their houses, and had sent a request to bring the same Yankee with them. Of course I went and had a very pleasant time until about 11 o'clock, when a half-dozen young men who were not invited came in and threw red pepper on the floor. This stopped the dancing. One of the young men made a very rough remark about the Yankee being there. Upon hearing this one

of the officers who had invited me to come stepped across the room and handed me a loaded revolver, saying, "Lieut. Harris, you know how to shoot; take care of yourself." The young men who were not invited soon left. The women then dampened the floor and continued the dancing. This was the last time I went to the village, as I thought it too dangerous.

I spent about half the daytime in prison, going in with Dr. La Groon in the morning, and getting him to leave orders at the gate to let me out. One day, a big, long, lean hog came running through the camp. All the officers knew it in an instant, and in less time than it takes to tell it there were over a thousand after it. The hog had a very long snout and four long tusks which made him look like a dangerous thing to get too near. It was fun to see him open his big mouth and make a dash to get out, and to see the boys jump to get out of the way. Some were not quick enough and were knocked sprawling on the ground. Finally, after a good many stabs with knives he was knocked over by one of the officers hitting him in the head with a club. It was quickly cut in pieces and on the the fire cooking.

Almost all the guards could be bought for a ten-dollar confederate bill to let out in the night any officer who wanted to try and escape to our lines. Generally there was a party of four went out. In each case \$40 was paid to the guard. There had to be two guards in the secret. Our officers would lie down near the dead line and close to the posts where the guards were. When the guards would meet at the post and turn about and

march in opposite directions our officers would crawl out between them and make off.

Soon the commanding officer found out that too many Yankees were missing. He hired what they called there "a nigger hunter" with a pack of blood hounds to track the Yankees. Every morning, this man would ride clear around the prison camp on a good horse with a pack of about twelve fierce looking dogs. He had two very valuable tracking hounds chained together by a chain about a foot long attached to their collars. These dogs, he claimed, had cost him ten thousand dollars each in confederate money, which was the same as one hundred dollars each in greenbacks. These two dogs when started out would keep their noses to the ground and as soon as they struck a track would start off and follow it up, baying at almost every jump. The other ten dogs following behind until they were in sight of the person they were on the track of, when they would all pitch on to the man and actually tear him to pieces like a pack of hungry wolves. Our boys remembered the pitiful condition and fate of poor Lieut. Parker, and determined, if they could prevent it, no other one of us should suffer from such brutal men and beasts.

Our boys formed a plan to kill the two tracking bloodhounds. The first dark evening, three or four of our number wanted to escape. They went out at post number twenty and went over a route laid out for them. After they had been out about two hours one of our men crawled out at post number eighteen, which was about twelve rods to the right of post number twenty,

where the others had gone out. He kept well to the right of their path for about a mile from camp, when he turned to the left and crossed the tracks of the others and kept on quite a distance, then turning to the left, came back and crawled into camp at post number twenty-two, which was about twelve rods to the left of post twenty.

In the morning, the nigger hunter and the other brutes started out to make their usual round, and soon struck the decoy track and followed it into camp. Our boys were laying in wait for them, each one armed with a long knife. Several tried to catch the chain but failed. Capt. Adams, from New York, was more successful. He caught the chain with his left hand, and quick as flash thrust his knife into both dogs. Others close by did the same. The dogs would not track a Yankee again. They were killed right by a deep clay pit, and were thrown into this and covered up. Very soon the hunter came riding into camp, wanting to know where his dogs were. Not a man had seen or heard of them. He went out and informed the commander, who brought in camp about one hundred men. These he stretched clear across camp and searched every corner in it without finding them. Finally, one of their officers thought of the clay pit, and throwing out the brush found the dead dogs. He said he would punish the officer that killed them. He told our senior officer that he would not give us any more rations until we surrendered the one that did the killing. He did not send in our usual rations that day.

The next morning our senior officer sent word out to the rebel commander that he wanted to see him. He soon came in expecting we were ready to give up the dog-killer. Instead of that, our colonel informed him that unless he sent in our rations within one hour, he would give the order for us to break camp, and that we would kill every man that resisted us, and if we caught him would hang him to a tree. This thoroughly scared him, and in less than an hour he sent in a larger amount of rations than we ever had before. This ended our dog fight and put an end to the blood hounds being sent around our camp every morning.

One pleasant afternoon I took a walk down the road toward Saluda factory, and had not gone over twenty rods when I heard a carriage coming behind me. Looking back, I saw a two-seated carriage with a fine span of horses. On the rear seat were two young women with a darkey driver. The woman on the right leaned out and motioned with her hand for me to stop. I stepped into the bushes by the side of the road. They drove up to me and stopped. I saw two beautiful women; the one next me was not over thirty years old, and by her side sat a girl not over twenty, both having black hair and eyes. The elder asked if I was a Yankee. I laughed outright and said, "Yes, Madam, I am a full-blooded one." "Then how came you out here?" I told her I was badly wounded when I was captured and was in the hospital tent that she had just passed. She asked if I knew that tomorrow was Abe Lincoln's Thanksgiving day; also whether I had anything to be thankful for. "No, Madam, nothing but a

little poor corn bread." She said, "If you will meet me here tomorrow at this time, I will bring you something to be thankful for." She then said she supposed I knew who and what she was, also that she kept the largest house in Columbia. She gave me her card, saying if any of our officers could get out of camp and come to her house she would start them on the road to our lines. We found that this woman had established an underground line to Knoxville, Tenn., at great trouble and expense. I took her card into camp next day and gave her address to quite a number of our men. A number took advantage of her offer and were helped through to our lines.

The next day, at the appointed time, I was at the same place. True to her word she came and brought a large basket of soda biscuits, saying, "They are Yankee biscuits, and you will like them better than the way we make them;" also a lot of butter, two nice baked chickens and sauce to go with them. I thanked her to the best of my ability, and calling one of the other officers in the hospital, we carried all to a grass plot by the side of the tent. I called all the inmates out and had them sit down in a ring. There was about a dozen. I then took all the eatables in the center and divided them as equally as possible to each one, reserving one pile for myself. We thanked our Maker and the woman that gave to us our Thanksgiving dinner. We called her an angel (some might say she was a fallen angel). We had a good dinner, which we enjoyed beyond any possibility of describing.

There was an old genuine Congo negro that drove one of the teams about camp that I had spoken to very pleasantly on the sly. One day he told me to lie close to the back side of my tent and he would come and tell me all the news. About twelve o'clock that night I heard a scratching on the tent, and on raising the bottom up a little, found my negro friend lying close to the tent. He told me all about Gen. Sherman's march to the sea. He repeated this every night as long as I was at Columbia. I would go into camp every day with Dr. La Groon. By so doing I was able to keep them posted about Gen. Sherman. Lieut. Barse, of my regiment, and Capt. Clark, of the First Michigan Cavalry, wanted to try to get to Sherman's lines. So I had them go up to Post Number One, and represent they were sick and ordered out to the hospital by the doctor. The ruse succeeded, and as soon as they reached the hospital, I covered them up in one corner with straw. I cooked them all the rations we had or could get. That night they started off, and after several nights' march fell in with some of Gen. Kilpatrick's men. About this time a man came up from Charleston with an immense quantity of Confederate money which he offered to exchange with us, giving any officer \$400.00 for a draft for \$100.00 in gold on any banker in the north. I signed a draft for \$100.00 in gold which I felt sure would not be paid. Major Griswold, the rebel commander, would not allow us to have the money. We had to put it in the hands of some one of the rebel officers. I chose Dr. La Groon. I hoped in some way this money would help

me out of prison; and it did, as will be seen how I used it.

Two or three days after this I was told by Dr. La Groon that Major Griswold had an order to send to Charleston one hundred and twelve of the sick and wounded among our officers to be exchanged. I told the Doctor that I expected him to put me on the list as I was certainly the worst wounded man in the prison. He said that opposite my name was placed the remark that I was not to be exchanged until the end of the war, and it would not be safe for him to be the means of my exchange. This was news to me. I knew this was the work of the contemptible Gen. Winder. I thought a moment, and said, "Doctor, I have a favor to ask of you, and that is to keep your mouth shut." He laughed and said he would do it unless it would compromise him by doing so. I told him that I would do nothing but what he would sanction under the circumstances. I knew that one of the guards whose home was in the mountains of Northern Georgia had just received from there several gallons of whisky which he had for sale. I went immediately to his tent and asked him the price of a gallon. He said, "Four hundred dollars." I told him I wanted a gallon of it. "You can have it if I get the money." I told him to come along with me to Dr. La Groon and I would pay him. I requested the doctor to pay the four hundred dollars he had of my money to the soldier. He thought there was something wrong and wanted to know all about it. I told him it was to pay for a gallon of "mountain dew," and with that I proposed to fix

things so I would be on the road to God's country tomorrow. He said, "All right," and wished me success. I went back to my tent and laid down, but hardly closed my eyes in sleep that night, for the morrow would be full of momentous events to me; exchange, freedom, friends, or more of prison life. Morning came at last; and soon Major Griswold and all his officers gathered at post number one. I immediately went to the guard and got a quart of the whisky and went over to where the Major was standing, and after talking a moment about the exchange pulled out the bottle of whisky and passed it to the Major with my compliments and invited him to take a drink. He asked, "Where did you get that?" I answered, "Major, it's all right, I refer you to Dr. La Groon," who stood close by. The Major then said to me, "Drink first." I put the bottle to my mouth but did not drink a drop. I then passed it to the Major who took a big drink and passed it to another officer. The bottle was empty before all the officers had a drink. I took the bottle and went to the guard and had it filled again. The Major took another big drink and passed it along. I had before this requested both Dr. La Groon and Dr. Coleman not to touch it as I wanted them both perfectly sober as I might need their help.

About fifteen minutes had passed since I first presented the bottle to the major. The whisky was beginning to take effect on him, and he called out in a loud voice, "Where are all these Yankees that want to be exchanged?" There was quite a large crowd of our officers gathered about the gate. I called out to them

to come on if they wanted to be exchanged. A good many more than was wanted came out. So as to count them, the major ordered them to fall in rank two and two. He then told one of his officers to go down each side and count how many there were. Both of these officers and the major were so drunk they could not count right. Before they had got far down the line the Yanks in the rear would fall out and go around them and fall in in front. The officers counting, reported there were ninety in line. Then the major called for more to come out. They were not long in coming. The major had them counted again. Then there were two or three too many, for not enough had fallen out and gone around. Another count was ordered. By this time none of the rebel officers could walk or count straight, and too many of our boys fell out from the rear and went around to the front. This time they reported short of the required number of one hundred and twelve. I had kept on the other side of our lines from Major Griswold and close to our line. Soon the major turned to Capt. Maltby in command of a company from a Georgia regiment that was to guard us to Charleston, and staggering up to him said, "Damn 'em, I guess there is a hundred and twelve of them, go along with them." The column started and I fell in among our boys and went too. My four hundred dollars' worth of whisky had worked to perfection so far. We tramped it down to Columbia with light hearts and a good step. We were taken to the cars and not long after we were on our way to Charleston. While waiting for the cars we counted to see how many there were of us. As I

now remember, there were two hundred and fifty-six got out on an order for one hundred and twelve and a gallon of whisky to boot. Whisky did me, and a hundred and forty-four other officers, a big favor that day. Thanks to Dr. La Groon and Dr. Coleman for keeping their mouths shut. A word from either would have betrayed me. I have done my best to find both or either of them to thank them for their kindness to me. We had got out of prison and were on our way to freedom, but how were we to pass Capt. Hatch at Charleston. One of our number said to us, "Lieut. Harris has got us out and now I will get all of you by Capt. Hatch, we are old school-mates and chums."

The next day we arrived in Charleston, and our train was stopped at the old cotton depot some ways out from the wharf. Capt. Hatch was standing on the platform. Our West Virginia officer went to him, and extending his hand, soon made himself known. They had a pleasant conversation for a few moments, when our officer said, "Capt. Hatch, we have full double here what your order called for; I hope you won't send any of us back." Capt. Hatch said, "No, I wish you had brought them all along, I would put them all on board your boats." A loud three cheers went up upon hearing this. He then told us it was too late to take us out to our boats that evening, but said he would give us the best hotel in the city to put up at that night. Off we started down town afoot. Capt. Hatch told the guard to let us go as we desired. We were a motley looking crowd. The sidewalks were lined with white and colored folks, many of whom gave us what they had

to eat and plenty of water to drink, which was a luxury to us. When about half way down we heard a very familiar voice calling to us. On looking about to see where it came from, we saw a face sticking out of a window or hole in the gable end of a cottage close by us. We immediately called to him to come down and go with us. He bade his friends an affectionate good-bye, and joined our ranks and was exchanged with the rest of us. He told us that he was one of the jail yard prisoners, and when we were moved to Columbia he fell out of the line while we were going from the jail yard to the depot, and that the family living in this house had secreted him and furnished him food all the time we were in Columbia. We soon reached the largest hotel in the city. The building was well knocked to pieces by shell from the Swamp Angel Battery. Several of our boys took possession of the office, and in mock ceremony, assigned each of us to a room. There was not a vantage of furniture or of anything else in the hotel. We had little to eat, and cared less; we were bound for home, for God's country.

Bedlam reigned supreme. Everyone hollered and yelled, or sang "Home, Sweet Home." There was no sleep for any of us until well into the wee, small hours, when we all became so exhausted that we laid down and had a short nap. I was congratulated many times for my *coup d'etat* with the gallon of whisky. With the first streak of dawn some of the boys awoke and yelling like demons, woke all the rest up. After a very scant breakfast we waited as patiently as possible under the circumstances for Capt. Hatch to come and order

us to the wharf where we were to take the boat that was to convey us to our fleet that lay at anchor just outside the bar. About noon Capt. Hatch made his appearance, and soon we were on our way to the wharf. Here we were put on board an English blockade runner, manned by as glum and unfeeling set of Englishmen for officers and men as though they came from the wilds of Patagonia. We steamed down the harbor by Fort Sumter, a glorious sight to us because it lay in utter ruins. Soon we came in sight of our fleet just outside the bar, with Old Glory floating at each mast head. Part of the boys undertook to cheer the old flag, but most of them, like myself, found too big a lump in their throat to cheer or to even make a loud noise, but the tears ran down our cheeks hard and fast. Soon we ran along side of one of our big steamers that towered like a mountain above the low one we were on. A gang plank was soon thrown out, which was so steep that it was almost impossible for the weaker ones to run up. Gen. John E. Mulford, our assistant Commissioner of Exchange, stood at the head of the gang plank and reaching out his hand helped me onto our boat. I then felt safe and my long pent up feelings burst out in a hard crying spell. The thought that I was out of a rebel prison, out of purgatory, out from under that brute, Gen. Winder, was too much for me. I cried, laughed and hollered all at the same time from pure joy.

This was the 12th day of December, 1864. I had been in rebel prisons nine months and eight days, during which time I had passed through more trials and

escapes than is the general lot of a soldier. I think I owe my life to my cheerful disposition, being hopeful and looking on the bright side. Many is the time, if I had given up hope, I would have died. I resolutely put all such feelings far away from me and said, "I will live to get home," and I did. An over-ruling Providence had raised up friends to me from among my enemies that came to my aid several times at the right moment and thus had preserved my life; I have often thought, "for what?"

Gen. Mulford soon noticed that I was barefooted, and asked one of the sailors to look and see if he could not find me a pair of shoes. The gallant tar soon found a thick pair of cowhide shoes, so stiff that I could hardly get them on. But they were much better than none. That night our boat started for Annapolis, Md., where we arrived about noon the third day out.

The moment our boat came up to the wharf I jumped off on to the dock. A dozen men surrounded me and wanted me to go home with them to dinner. I went with one that was acquainted with one of our men we left behind at Camp Sorghum. He took along three or four other old prisoners. Arriving at his house we washed up and made ourselves the most presentable we could. We were then shown into the dining room, where we found a table loaded with eatables. Among the rest was roast pork and beef. The room was quite warm and the smell of the rich food made me sick. I had to go out in the open air; even then threw up all I had on my stomach. I went back again but could not stay in the room. The other officers ate heartily,

and one of them died before he reached home. I went from there direct to the quartermaster's office to get transportation to Washington, but found that they had received orders not to give any of us a pass. While standing in the office thinking what to do, I heard some one call out quite loudly, "Lieut. Harris." I went out on the porch and called, "Here is Lieut. Harris." This was called out all over the grounds. Soon Lieut. A. B. Isham, of the 7th Michigan Cavalry (now Dr. Isham of Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, O.), came up and said he was the one that started the call, saying he had found a friend that had lent him ten dollars, and that I had helped a good many out of prison and he would help me to Washington.

We started for the depot, reaching there just in time to take the evening train for Washington. We found several other old prisoners aboard, some of whom checked it through. At the junction we got on the train from Baltimore. Several of us got into each car, huddled about the stove, all standing close to it to keep warm. The train had hardly started before a gentleman came up and asked if I was Lieut. Harris, of Rochester, Mich. Without looking at him I said, "You are mistaken in the man." He went back to his seat, but soon returned and said that Mrs. A. C. Baldwin was sitting a few seats back and she was sure I was Lieut. Harris. I answered that she was right, but she must excuse me for I was in no condition to see her. He went back to Mrs. Baldwin who again sent him to me saying I must come to her, that she could tell me all about my folks, as she had seen them but a few days

before. This was too big a piece of news for me to resist as I had not heard from them for about six months. I had on the old cowhide shoes, the same old cotton pants, part of an old cotton undershirt and what was left of my old overcoat. I fixed these about me the best I could and went back to see Mrs. Baldwin. Standing in the aisle I shook hands with her. She moved along in the seat asking me to be seated. I excused myself, saying I preferred standing. She insisted on my sitting down by her. I was compelled to tell her I was covered with body lice, and for her sake could not sit down in the seat with her. The gentleman who so kindly came to inquire my name was sitting in the seat in front. He kindly got up, and turning the back over requested me to take his seat, while he took the seat beside Mrs. Baldwin. I learned all about my folks, also that they had given me up for dead, not having heard from me for several months. We reached Washington in due time; nothing would do but I must get a carriage for Mrs. Baldwin. After she got in I closed the door and was going down to the hotel in the cars. Mrs. Baldwin would not allow this; opening the door she said I must ride with her, and Mr. Baldwin would help me get what clothes I wanted. So I got in and sat on the front seat. Arriving at the hotel we found Mr. Baldwin was out. I then excused myself and went direct to the National hotel. The first person I met in the rotunda was Hon. Zachariah Chandler, senator from Michigan. I extended my hand to him. He looked at me in astonishment and asked me who I was. I laughed and said, "What there is left of me is Lieut.

Harris." He said, "Why, I thought you were dead." "No," I said, "Here I am; just out of a rebel prison." He wanted to know if I had any money. I said, "No." "Come along with me and I will fix you out," and going up to the clerk of the hotel told him to give me one hundred dollars and charge it to him; also telling him to see that I had a good supper and a good room.

At this time Mr. Kellogg, member of Congress from Michigan, hearing I was there came up to me and asked about an officer from Michigan who was a prisoner with me. He said his mother and two sisters were living in Washington. I was well acquainted with the officer and knew that when I left Camp Sorghum he was out in the woods, having escaped a few days before I left there. But I did not dare tell him, so I told him he was all right and in good health when I left the prison. Nothing would do but I must get in a carriage with him and go to see the mother and sisters and tell them all about him. I was ushered into their parlor. Standing near the middle of the room I told them that he was well when I left. They all insisted on my sitting down. I finally had to tell them if I did I should likely leave some animals they would rather not have in their house. I answered all their questions the best I could; I told them several big whoppers of lies, for I knew it would not do to tell them the truth—that the son and brother was out in the woods trying to escape, braving the dangers of starvation, being frozen in the mountains or torn to pieces by bloodhounds, and last but not least, of being hung if caught by the guerrillas. I thought it justifiable not to tell the truth. In about

ten days after this they received a telegram from Knoxville, Tenn., that he had escaped and reached our lines all safe.

We returned to the hotel, when I telegraphed my folks that I was alive and would start for home the next evening. I then went to a clothing store and fitted myself with new clothes throughout ; then to a barber shop, and taking a good bath, left all my old clothes except what remained of my old overcoat, got into my new outfit and going back to the hotel met Mr. Chandler, who again did not recognize me. The next morning I went to the paymaster's office and drew five hundred dollars, then to the adjutant-general's office and procured a month's leave of absence. Paying Mr. Chandler back the money he kindly loaned me, I left for home on the 6 p. m. train.

I reached home about noon of the second day, and a happy meeting it was with my wife, father, mother and myself. They had all given me up as being dead. I passed a very pleasant month with my family and friends.

It may be interesting to the reader to know what became of the drafts a large number of us signed at Columbia for one hundred dollars in gold in exchange for four hundred dollars in rebel money.

A captain (one of us) offered to take the drafts and deliver them to a rebel friend of the loaner in New York. This officer was a captain in the ———— regiment. He was taken from prison and sent to Charleston, S. C., and sent out on a tug under a flag of truce to our blockade fleet, having all the drafts in a

satchel. He was sent North on the first despatch boat sent from the fleet. Very soon the Captain became confidential with one of the officers of the boat, and told him how he got out of prison by simply taking the drafts for the rebel to his friend in New York. This officer immediately told the captain of the boat, who at once ordered all his officers to their state rooms and to lock themselves in. He then called one of the non-commissioned officers to him and told him about the drafts their passenger had, and told him to call the passenger aft and to take him by the collar and tell him to bring all the drafts to him or he would throw him overboard. The traitorous captain went and got the satchel containing all of them, followed by the sailor who compelled him to stand by the railing and tear them all up and throw them overboard. So none of the signers of the drafts had to pay them, and as it turned out, the rebel in Charleston paid the four hundred dollars for the gallon of whisky that was the means of myself and one hundred and forty-three others getting out of rebel purgatory.

A large number of officers from Michigan regiments were in prison with me. Their friends came from far and near to hear from them. The morning I left prison at Columbia, S. C., the guard from whom I had purchased the whisky, told me that his brother-in-law was a prisoner in our hands, confined in Fort Delaware. He gave me his name on a piece of paper and wished me to write him that his family were all well. I had been home but a few days when I wrote him as requested, and enclosed it in a letter to the commander

of the prison, asking that he show any favors to him consistently, as his brother had been kind to me while I was in prison. I enclosed a ten dollar greenback and told him his brother had invited me several times to eat with him. The commander turned the letter and money over to the prisoner, and also wrote me a letter that he would show him all favors possible for my sake. A letter from the prisoner expressed many thanks for my kindness. Not long after this, I received another letter from him asking for ten dollars more, as he was sick and wanted other things to eat than army rations. I sent it to him gladly, as I remembered how much I wanted a few delicacies when in prison.

At the end of my leave I returned to the Marine Hospital, Annapolis, Md., and reported to the surgeon in charge. Soon after this my wound broke out afresh, caused by my collar bone being badly shattered and pieces working off. Some of the younger surgeons on the board thought best to have an operation performed, but the president of the board said they had better let well enough alone. Time passed very pleasantly while here. There were about two hundred officers of all ranks in the hospital, most of them fine young men.

A few of us that were of a mechanical turn of mind, would get together and form plans for business when we were discharged. We would discuss each others plans. My own plans were to go back to Rochester, Mich., and build a railroad thirteen miles long, from Royal Oak to Rochester. At Royal Oak my road would connect with another already running from there to Detroit. This had been a pet scheme of mine for

years. I found a small locomotive engine weighing about fifteen tons, and all the new very light T rail I would need in the quarter-master's department, which they offered me at a nominal price; much lower than it would bring for old iron. They offered me this to help me start again in business, knowing I was badly and permanently wounded. I immediately wrote to two men in Rochester laying my whole plans before them, but neither condescended to even answer my letter. So that plan of mine came to nought.

Soon Gen. Lee surrendered, and the war was practically over. Then came the terrible death of Lincoln, which was a hard blow for the North, and a harder one for the South. Part of us found it a hard matter to restrain the hot heads among us from taking vengeance on some of the well known out-spoken stay-at-home rebels of the town. One of the above kind added pitch to the already fierce fire by running out of a second-story window a red flag. A large crowd of officers and men started with the determination to raze the building, then to apply the torch, but the cooler heads prevailed and the mob went back to their quarters.

The flag was quickly taken in.

On April 17th a general order was issued from the war department discharging all officers in hospital that were able to travel home. I was discharged under this order and give here a photo engraved copy of my discharge. This is a document I think a great deal of. You will notice that I was discharged for "*Wounds received in action.*"

Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, April 17th 1865.

Gen. Wm. B. Chas. Upon the report of a Board of Officers convened by Special Orders, No. 294, July 8, 1863, from this Office, the following named officer is HONORABLY DISCHARGED from the military service of the United States, on account of physical disability, no arrears received in action with condition that he shall receive no final payments until he satisfies the Pay Department that he is not indebted to the Government.

By order of the Secretary of War:

(Signed) E. J. Townsend
Assistant Adjutant General

I certify, That the above is a true copy, and that I have this day paid the above-named discharged officer \$19.25 in full from April 1st., 1865, to April 25, 1865.

Washington, April 28th. 1865.



X-RAY DIAGNOSIS

I also give here a half tone engraving of an X-ray photograph of my left shoulder, which shows distinctly the break in my collar bone. The X-ray photograph was taken March 23d, 1897, a little over thirty-three years after I was wounded.

I went to Washington and opened an office as claim agent, to procure back pay and pensions for officers or men. I was quite successful as I had a very large acquaintance in the army and especially in the cavalry corps. I soon added to my business that of procuring patents. My wound had entirely healed up, yet I was quite weak. My shoulder was very tender, and even the weight of my arm hanging down made it ache very badly. It troubled me so much that I could not sit up all day. The heads of all the departments with whom I had to do business soon found it out and favored me all they could.

I sent for my wife to join me. She reached Washington about ten o'clock, a. m., May 24th, 1865, the day that Sherman's army was passing down Pennsylvania avenue, at the grand review. I was sitting in a chair at the outer edge of the sidewalk looking at the troops passing when she laid her hand on my shoulder. I brought out another chair and we sat there until they had all passed. My own company and regiment passed by the day before. I was sitting in the same place. The boys of Company A saw me and gave me a loud cheer; so did each company as they passed. I arose and answered their welcome.

We boarded for a short time, then went to house-keeping in a modest way upon Capitol Hill. Our son

Charles was born February 28th, 1866. We named him Charles Sumner. On the 22d day of March, 1866, I was granted a pension at the rate of \$17 per month; even this small sum helped me out. I must say that the pension office has been much more liberal with many a man that was not wounded, and with some that never smelled powder in action. I draw the same pension today, and likely will continue to draw it as long as I live.

In the spring of 1867 I bought two lots on the northeast corner of Eleventh and D streets, southeast. The corner post of my lot was just one mile from the center of the Capitol in a straight line. I bought the lumber and built a modest house 16 x 32 feet. We moved into it as soon as the lower rooms were finished, to save rent. Before winter I had the chambers plastered. The next year I added on the rear a kitchen, 12 x 16, two stories, with a good cellar under it.

I procured a patent on my rotary steam engine, and made a very nice working model which I exhibited in my office. Not long after this I started a shop to manufacture them. They proved quite a success up to three or four horse power. They would have proved a much greater success if I had made the wheels much larger in diameter. In 1870 I invented and patented a boiler that I called the "porcupine boiler." It was made of a piece of tube about six inches in diameter with small tubes sticking out all the way around, and about two-thirds up the large tube. This was placed in a sheet-iron casing. The fire was built under the tubes which were filled with water. This made the

most practical non-explosive boiler in existence, and is used to this day very largely. Like most inventors I made little money out of them, mostly for the reason that I did not have the capital to push them properly.

One of the members of Congress with whom I was well acquainted was chairman of a sub-committee from the Committee on Commerce, before whom all applicants for the safety of passengers on steamboats had to come, requested me to be present at their meetings, and to listen to the arguments of the inventors, and after adjournment to give the committee the benefit of my mechanical skill. I was also present at several meetings of the committee on naval affairs by request of the chairman. I am sure that I saved the government and ship-owners large sums of money. The only compensation I received was the associations and a long walk home in the small hours of the night.

One day about ten o'clock, while at work in my shop, in came Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase with Senator Sprague. Mr. Chase had heard of my engine and wished to see it himself. I had one on a table with the casing off, with which I showed and explained the working parts. He was very much interested in it on account of its simplicity. I also showed him a three-horse power I had running, driving my shop. After showing him everything I could, I asked him if he remembered a young man by the name of Edward P. Harris. "Yes," he said, "I knew him well, but what do you know of him?" I answered, "He is my father." Mr. Chase said, "We were in college together at Dartmouth; Edward P. Harris was my chum, and was one

of the greatest friends I ever had. There were three of us together most of the time; Jacob M. Collimer, Edward P. Harris and myself. We were all poor young men trying to work our way through college the best way we could." We were all sitting on shop stools, and Mr. Chase began telling some of the pranks in which both himself and my father were engaged while students. I asked him if he remembered the time they took a jackass up in the second story of one of the buildings and tied him to the door of one of the professor's rooms; also, when they took a farmer's wagon apart one dark night and put it together on top of the ridge pole of his barn, because he would not give them a few apples that were rotting on the ground. He laughed heartily and said it did him good to bring back his boyhood days. Pulling out his watch he said, "Mr. Harris, you have entertained the Chief Justice so well that he forgot time, and you have kept the Supreme Court waiting over an hour." He suggested that I make a note of it, saying, "you are likely the only man living that has that honor." He said, "I am coming back soon and have this visit out."

About this time my wife was taken sick with tubercular consumption. She suffered a great deal. I procured the services of several of the best physicians in the city. She lingered until November 2d, 1871, when death came to her relief. At her request I took her back to Rochester, Mich., and laid her beside our little Frances. My mother had come to live with us in the summer of 1869. I had built an addition on the north side of our house so mother and ourselves could

have a bedroom on the ground floor. It was a great comfort to my wife to have mother with her during her long sickness.

During the summer of 1872 I became acquainted with Miss Sarah S. Ladd, who lived in Wilbraham, Mass. She was visiting her brother, Capt. James Ladd, who lived in Washington. Capt. Ladd and myself had been prisoners together in Macon, Savannah, Charleston and Camp Sorghum about six months in all. We were married at her home in Wilbraham on Christmas day of 1872.

I became satisfied that Washington was no place to manufacture steam engines and boilers. I formed a partnership with a young man who had money to start in business in Chicago. I sold most of my machinery and packed up my patterns and small tools in the shop and shipped them to Chicago, and soon followed with our household effects. We arrived here on July 4th, 1873. I soon had my shop running and made several engines, all of small power. We sold all the boilers we could make in our shop, and at a large profit. After running about one year, my partner proved to be anything but a straight-forward business man. He got the whole thing tied up in the courts. This threw me out of even a living. I could not do any hard work on account of my wounded shoulder. I had no money to start in any business again. The next few years were hard ones for me financially.

June 20th, 1874, we had an addition to our family by the birth of a little girl baby. We named her Sarah Elizabeth. July 26th, 1874, we moved to 1079

West Polk street, between Western and Campbell avenues, to get cheaper rent. I started to make speed indicators in the house, using the small lathe I had made when only twelve years old; earning a very poor and precarious living. I made a full set of patterns for a small steam engine of three-inch stroke and one and a half inch bore; also two sets of governor patterns; one for one-eighth or one-quarter inch pipe, the other for three-eighth inch pipe, doing all the turning on my small lathe. I immediately took all the patterns to a foundry and had a few set of castings made from each; then advertised them in a small way. I had an unprecedented sale of them all, and at a good profit. This encouraged me and also enabled me to manufacture goods and tools in the amateur line that sold well. I was at my shop and store combined, early and late, and worked as hard as I was able to.

During this time my wife and self were living on so small a sum that if I should give the cost it would be considered a fish story. But this was the only way in which I could succeed in business. In the fall of 1877 I received about \$1,000 from my mother's estate which enabled me to enlarge my business and to take in new lines. I still continued to manufacture small tools at such times as I was not busy selling goods. We continued to be very economical in the house, and I used to be at my store early and late. I was fairly prosperous. Soon after this a scheming man who pretended to be a great friend of mine wanted to go into partnership with me. I was foolish enough to take him in. I very quickly found out that he would soon have all the

money and I only have the experience. He put into the company about \$4,000, and it cost me over \$12,000 to get rid of him. It took me about five years to pay off this debt. I never could have done it had it not been that several of the large manufacturing firms east extended to me unlimited credit on my bare word, that I would see they lost nothing if worse came to worse with my old partner. The reason of this confidence was partly that I took my inventory and an abstract of my books and went east, showing my creditors exactly how I stood. All expressed perfect satisfaction with my statement, and surprise at the small sum it cost for myself and family to live. One of my largest creditors said he would stand by any man who would live on that small sum in order to pay his debts. I came home and went to work with a determination to come out on top. Before the last payment was due my old partner, I had increased my stock at least three times, besides paying all my creditors east, and was discounting all my present bills. There were several things that helped me do this: first, my wife was very economical in our home and encouraged me all in her power; second, I knew my business from A to Z; third, I worked hard, early and late; fourth, my inventive genius and mechanical skill helped me wonderfully; I invented a good many new tools and articles to manufacture and sell; I made the patterns myself, both at my store at odd times and my house evenings, my little lathe of boyhood days coming in good use; fifth, last but not least, was a full determination to win, and I did.

During all these years I had been active in church matters. I found there was no church or Sunday school within nearly a mile of a growing section of the city. After two or three years' hard work I succeeded in getting the First Congregational Church to start a Sunday school in an old store. Not long after they sent students up to preach Sunday evenings. The Sunday school and evening services outgrew their quarters in the old store. A new church was built on the corner of Polk street and Claremont avenue, named the "Covenant." I worked hard to get the church interested in young people, especially in young men; to establish a reading room, lecture room, have a workshop with lathes, jig saws, etc.; in fact, to make the church more attractive to young men than the saloon. I would have a printing press and type, and induce some of the boys and young men, as well as the girls, to learn to set type and run the press. I would print cards and dodgers, and circulate them well, letting everybody know that we were interested in them, and especially in the young folks. I would have one or more companies of boys' brigades, also of girls' brigades. I would encourage socials, especially for young folks. Make the church interesting for young people and you will have a prosperous church. One live young person, with likely a long life of usefulness before him, is worth a dozen old dead heads even if they have more money. The Covenant church, I think without a dissenting voice, sat down hard on all the above.

During the summer of 1887 I bought a very fine telescope, having an object glass of four and one-half

inch aperture. The instrument was made by Warner & Swasey, and the object glass by Professor Brassier. I bought these partly for myself, but mostly for my children. I do not claim to be an astronomer in any sense of the word; I am only an enthusiastic amateur, anxious to learn something of what the Almighty had created in the heavens, and also to interest my children in the same. My own interest in astronomy was started by my mother taking me out when a mere boy and showing me the different constellations. I said that if I lived I would have a good telescope. I have one, and use it for myself, my children and for other young people, to try and interest them in the higher things of this life.

About this time I joined the Grand Army of the Republic, and also joined the Order of the Loyal Legion, Commandery of the State of Illinois.

We lived in the same house that we moved into first on Polk street for sixteen years. In the spring of 1889 I bought the house and lot two lots west of us. We fixed up this house so as to make a very comfortable home. We lived here until the fall of 1893, or World's Fair year. In the fall of 1892 I bought 55 feet front by 144 feet deep, on the north side of Jackson boulevard, just west of Oakley avenue. I paid \$8,000 cash for the lot. In July, 1893, I broke ground and began to build the house and barn. This cost me about \$18,000. It was finished complete from top to bottom, and we moved into it about the 20th of November, 1893. When we moved into it I did not owe a dollar on the house or lot, neither did I owe any person one

cent. I could lie down and sleep well and enjoy my new home, as it was all my own and every dollar of it earned honestly. In planning the new house I had a large hall in the third story, 20 x 30 feet, which I call my lecture hall. Over one-hundred persons can be seated comfortably in it. I frequently have lectures on various subjects, and invite our neighbors, and especially the young people. The stairs in the rear of the house lead directly from the rear door to the hall without going through the front part of the house. I also have a large number of lantern slides; many of them are from photographs of the heavens. These I frequently throw up for young folks that come in to see us. I have been for years greatly interested in young folks, firmly believing that in them lies the hope for future generations. I believe that when churches and temperance societies wake up to the importance of caring for the young, society will be better off, and there will be a less number of prisons and far less inmates.

END

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